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MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS MILITZA IN "FOR THE CROWN,"

AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Debates in the House of Commons are not to be commended hastily for light reading, but they sometimes revel in unexpected strokes of unconscious humour. I find Mr. Goschen declaring, in the debate on the Sunday opening of museums, that it was well for boys and girls to go to Sunday School, but that, if they preferred the "frivolous occupation" of visiting the South Kensington Museum, he could not see why the law should say them nay. This quaint conceit of a Sunday School as a solemn place, and of South Kensington as a haunt of frivolity, does not seem to have tickled the Commons; they accepted it as a serious contrast between sacred and secular institutions. A school in which doses of antiquated theology are administered to children is tacitly regarded by an enlightened Legislature as a much graver factor in education than a collection of artistic and scientific treasures, speaking in many accents of the wonders of the universe. A routine of texts and hymns, carried on without much intelligent discernment by young men and women in an atmosphere of pious flirtation, is of such prodigious concern to the welfare of the community that, if Mr. Goschen had to decide between the Sunday School and the Sunday opening of South Kensington Museum, he would not hesitate to vote against the frivolity of natural history. Happily, he has persuaded himself that the texts and hymns will still go on, even though little Cockney boys and girls should spend Sunday afternoons over cases full of glorious butterflies.

Just consider the queer lack of proportion in these discussions. If you want to open a treasure-house on Sunday, you are supposed to be plotting the extinction of religious instruction. To guard himself against this imputation, a Minister has to make-believe that going to Sunday School is an essential part of the serious business of life, and that going to a museum is a frivolous pastime. On the other hand, the reformers are compelled to exaggerate too; and so we are told that boys and girls will stream over the bridges of the Thames every Sunday on the march to South Kensington. The simple principle that it ought to be part of a rational liberty to visit a museum or not, just as one pleases, is not good enough for Parliamentary rhetoric. There must be inflated statements as to the number of persons who are likely to go or to abstain; and, after a time, there must be hotly disputed statistics of those who have gone or have stayed away. It is just as if the law denied my right to take a walk to Hyde Park Corner at five in the afternoon, unless it could be shown that an impressive concourse of my fellow-citizens was minded to take the same walk at the same hour, and on the same day. There are timid persons, no doubt, who will be afraid on Sunday to enter a public building, full of antiquities, including a policeman or two, unless they have the moral support of a crowd, especially if Sabbatarians stand at the gates, and thrust tracts into their hands, or marshal processions of smug little Sunday School children to cover them with confusion. Perhaps we shall see Battersea girls, as they emerge in shamefaced twos and threes from the wicked museum on the Sabbath, captured by a *posse* of Salvationist bonnets and tambourines, and converted on the spot. I fully expect a manifesto from General Booth before long, pointing out that one human soul is worth more than the Elgin Marbles. That is General Booth's *métier*; but it ought not to be the logic of the House of Commons.

There is the same lack of proportion among the theologians, when they deal with their own proper business. Here is Dr. Parker telling us that he likes his sermons "dry," though I have always found his pulpit eloquence distinctly rich and fruity. Further, he says that sermons ought to be based on revelation and experience of life, and preached only by teachers and expositors. Well, revelation, in these days, is largely a personal matter. Tolstoi has looked into the Gospels, and found, for example, that the injunction, "Honour thy father and mother," refers to the Deity alone, and that the introduction of "mother" is a corruption of the text. As the expositors have quarrelled about revelation since the beginning of the Christian era, you can scarcely expect any positive assurance in this department, even at the City Temple. As for experience of life, that is just the element in which, as it seems to many laymen, the highest pulpit oratory has always been conspicuously wanting. As a boy, I sat under Dr. Parker, and was filled with an immense sense of drama. I heard thunder, and saw lightning, and generally felt that I was in the company of Macbeth on the blasted heath; but I do not remember that any special lesson of life was instilled into me, life being the very thing which preachers commonly manage to avoid. I have listened to blameless men in pulpits, and wished they would forget doctrine for the nonce, take some fact of experience, and treat it honestly

and broadly in all its bearings. As a rule, this does not happen, for the simple reason that the preacher has fogged his brain with theology till life is nothing to him save a vague commotion, distant and probably bad.

Well, if the "dry" sermoniser cannot see life clearly, and see it whole, you don't look for that illumination in lampoons. The author of "The Little Gods of Grub Street" believes himself the victim of a conspiracy. "The venom brood of sly log-rollers," and the "fox of malice," have combined to decry "his own harvests on the slopes of fame." There are "bards who have upheld the rights of Man, the claims of Womanhood, and, sinking self, have sought the public good for Art and Wisdom's sake"; and what is their reward? It is the hatred of writers "who stab their betters with a dastard blow." They are tackled in their turn with a knuckle-duster, which is wielded with uncommon vigour. Rhymed satires are so little known to our timid and prosaic age that this one comes with all the freshness of a new invention. Reason and justice are not, perhaps, conspicuous. I do not see why a poet who draws a pension should renounce it because he holds that his country has behaved very ill to the Armenians. He is pensioned on his own merits, not on those of the State. Our fastidious friend, the sense of proportion, will scarcely patronise the prophecy of immortality for "The Sign of the Cross," and oblivion for Ibsen. Still, you can't have the finest discernment and the most delicate scruple in a lampoon. When shrewd and miscellaneous knocks are going, the spectator must settle down to enjoy the palpable hits.

I suspect that Grub Street is chiefly concerned about the "little gods" who are omitted. I know several who take it very ill that the satirist has overlooked them. "Why," they ask, "does he forget us, and devote seven stanzas to a worthy gentleman, by no means godlike, who once edited a morning paper?" Well, they must be patient. The satirist is only beginning to taste blood. "My hate will keep and live till sated quite"; so there is still hope for the foxes of malice who are not yet started. Much more remains to be said, too, of a "certain malapert" who is not to be forgiven till he "has sued to me for pardon in the dust." I hope he won't sue, and so cheat us of further entertainment. Then there are "gods" who are mentioned, it is true, but scarcely with sufficient heat. An inexplicable mildness comes over the knuckle-duster now and then, and robs us of our rightful chuckles. This error, no doubt, will be rectified later, for is there not the inspiring hint, "This Satire's not my last"? There are critics, it seems, of a "neutral tint," who have not deserved notice; they must all hasten to qualify themselves with the "dastard blow."

I thought all the "little gods," in Grub Street and elsewhere, had been found out, not only by satirists with knuckle-dusters, but even by confiding women. That, at any rate, is the horrid dread that has haunted me for some years of the new feminine literature. But here is Miss O'Connor Eccles, in the *Windsor*, with the assurance that the "average nice woman"—she really exists, bless her!—still has faith in men. Nay, "women of the best type, educated and idealistic, persist in believing them to be permanently heroic." Have you met those women, O my brother? Have you observed an emerald tint in their bonnie e'en? I fancy Miss Eccles is laughing in her sleeves (there is plenty of room for mirth in the fashionable sleeve of to-day), for she goes on to relate an interview with a mistress of the art of fascination, who shows how easily the average simple man may be undone. He is taken in by a gown, a gaze of rapt interest, and artless chatter about himself. Trouble arises only when he is a fool, and then the woman must pretend to be "mildly stupid," for nothing annoys clever women so much as the admiration of fools; but he is most troublesome when he is a silent fool, apt to be credited with "depths of character." Well, we won't boast of our wits, my brother; but if we can only bury ourselves in those "depths"!

The most daring iconoclast will not assert, however, that the mutual admiration of man and woman is unstable. Take two severe tests. The other day I saw a lady mounted on a pale horse. The steed had the gait of the circus, and seemed uneasy, as if he missed the band; the lady was not on his back for picturesque exercise; she was advertising something; her charms took the ignoble stamp of commercial enterprise; yet who shall say that a multitude of masculine hearts did not hover round her head? The same day I beheld a gentleman, in a cocked hat, on his way to a Levée. He held a child by each hand, and behind him marched his admiring wife, quite unconscious of anything grotesque in his aspect. Miss Eccles is right; we can slap our manly chests, and say, "Heroes still!"

FROM MY WINDOW.

I opened my window and leaned far out, and looked down on the misty, damp desolation. Grey mist was everywhere—grey mist, and thin, soft, silent rain—rain that did not fall in round drops, but floated through the air, and crept along the sides of the houses, and through the narrow passages, and down the broad streets. Rain and mist everywhere. A city of damp desolation below me. The river I could faintly see, black and cold. I could even hear the sound of its outgoing waters—a gurgling, chuckling, crunching sound. They sang a mirthless, monotonous song. A barge swept past; one tall, solitary figure was at the helm. He stood alone on the dank, flat boat, motionless, silhouetted against the grey mist. He, too, was part of the scheme of desolation.

In the street, beneath my window, a barrel-organ began to play a music-hall tune. Two children appeared and commenced dancing. One had a red frock, but no stockings. The other had stockings, but no frock—only a petticoat that once upon a time might have been white. They danced, and the mud flew from under their feet, and the rain-mist wandered amid their rags. They danced, and the organ-grinder turned the handle of his organ with fascinating regularity.

When he had finished his stock of tunes, he wheeled his barrel of sound away. No one had given him anything, but probably he did not think of that. He went from street to street day by day, ground forth his twelve tunes, and if pennies were thrown him, he picked them up, and if pennies were not thrown him, he forgot to expect to pick them up.

He moved away, and the child with the stockings followed him. The child without the stockings remained standing in the mud. I then threw her a coin. She looked at it where it fell; then she looked up at me. She looked at the coin again, and picked it up and wiped it on her dress. The street was empty. She and the grey rain-mist were alone. She stood in the mud, the coin in her hand, and gazed up at me. I beckoned her to come to me, but she did not move. So I went down and brought her up to my room and placed her in a chair before the fire.

"Are you hungry?" She shook her head.

"You are very wet!" She shook her head.

"Are you fond of dancing?" She nodded her head.

"Where do you live?"—"Anywhere."

"Where's your mother?"—"Nowhere."

I lit a cigarette. She drew nearer the fire.

"Where are you going?"—"To the pantomime—to darnee."

"When?"—"Ter-morrer."

"What are you—a fairy?"—"No—han evil speret."

"Who was the girl with you just now?"—"Sister."

"Does she dance in the pantomime?"—"Yes."

"What is she?"—"Nother hevill speret."

"What are you going to do when you grow up?"—"Darnee."

"Always?"—"Yes."

She would not talk any more, but she crouched before the fire, staring at the red coals, and seeing things there that were hidden from me. I went to bed at eleven, and left her before the fire, still gazing into the burning embers. When I looked for her in the morning she was gone. Two months later I saw her in the pantomime. She was an evil spirit. Three years passed, and I saw her again, dancing in a large West-End theatre.

Four years later I stood looking out from my window. And I thought of the evening of seven years ago. Again there was the grey rain-mist, and the damp desolation everywhere. Again there passed the low, flat barge, with the solitary figure at the helm motionless. The waters sang their mirthless, monotonous song. The organ-grinder ground forth his twelve stock tunes. But the two children did not dance in the mud. I stood looking down into the desolate street. And I saw a woman walking slowly towards the river. She had a red dress on. She stopped beneath my window, and looked up. I beckoned to her to come to me. She came.

I placed a chair before the fire for her, and lit a cigarette.

"It was seven years ago!"—"Yes; why do you remember?"

"So you have danced?"—"Yes, I have danced."

"You have been successful?"—"Yes."

"Then why?"—"I don't know. I danced, and then I hurt my ankle and had to give it up, and then sister died, and then—"

"Yes, I see; and then?"—"And then— But it's finished now."

"It was silly to begin."

"Yes, it was silly to begin. I came here, but the windows were shut. So—"

"So— What did you come here for?"—"I remembered that night."

"Why?"—"I don't know."

She would not talk any more, but sat and gazed into the red-gold fire, and saw things there that were hidden from me. At eleven o'clock I went to bed, and left her still dreaming before the red-gold fire. And the next morning she was gone. I opened my window and leaned far out. The sun was shining, and I heard the birds singing amid the embankment trees.

And the barge swept up the river, returning from its journey. At the helm I thought I saw two figures—but it may have been only fancy—a man, and the figure of something that ought to have been a woman. And I heard the waters singing—not their chuckling, monotonous song, but a new song, a mirthless, silent, soundless song—like the song of an evil spirit.

ARTHUR APPLIN.

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DRESS IN PARIS.

To be in Paris, and the victim of six gloomy grey-skied days, was a disillusionising experience last week. Wind-swept boulevards, where discoloured Carnival paper ribbons flapped drearily from leafless trees, and the Bois but showed grudging glimpses of fur-covered figures in the secretive brougham, is not absolutely the Paris of one's fond imagining! For a woman there are the perennial pleasures of the shop-window, however, as alluring to her as the blandishments of the restaurant to materially minded man. Given, indeed, "ortolans and truffles," or their equivalent, as you get them at Paillard's, on one hand, with frocks and bonnets of Rue de la Paix quality on the other, and even sunshine is not, in its absence, necessarily deplored. Or so, at least, I felt last week, with new spring fashions budding into being for each morning's amusement, and at night the play, which a merciful ignorance of idiom sometimes enabled me to most guilelessly enjoy. Reverting to chiffons, of course, all the well-informed know already—or ought to—that tulle is one of the coming powers in matters millinery. Nor when colours are skilfully combined, as I have seen them at Vero's and other leading lights, can anything be more charming? White under black, with upstanding tufts of pink roses, for instance; blue under the same sombre hue, with floral aigrettes of cornflower and mimosa; mauve under green—a very favourite duet in colours, set off with Cattleya orchids—and so on unendingly. The difference between this season's fashion in tulle and that of two years ago is that two contrasting tones, one under the other, are now *de rigueur*; while in the spring of '94 *tout Paris* wore its favourite shade in single-blessedness. Louis XVI. again revisits glimpses of the moon by means of those jaunty toques which recall fair damsels of his period, and the down-drawn chapeaux of Philippe's reign are closely copied in modish millinery, which still ordains that we shall wear large hats sloping well over forehead and eyes. Roses in abundance, of every form and shade, still play first fiddle in a chorus of blossoms. Custom has not staled the infinite variety to which last year's hats were prone in this matter, and, if possible, the coming months will see a still more riotous order of conflicting posies. But with the flowers, always tulle—and still more tulle—in great puffings from crown to brim, forms a leading characteristic of coming headgear. Turning to another and nowadays scarcely less evident side of our "altogether," silk petticoats, be it well understood, grow apace in size and gaiety of exterior. Such boundless frillings of lace and bunching of ribbons might well beguile the unwary into supposing these glorified creations were meant, like the liniment of the classics, "for external use only." But it is not so. The smarter the woman, the greater elaboration of her skirts, while, on the other hand, a more or less plain and ungarished outside obtains for that dress in which she takes her walks abroad. Apropos of new materials, Scotch taffetas and alpaca are already well-established favourites by the Seine, while mousseline de soie, in the opinion of all leading *modistes*, will be in yet greater evidence than last season, when March winds and April showers are over. Almond-green appears a reigning colour, dividing the honours with black-and-white, which, in embroideries, appliqué, and what not, distributes itself over every part of the up-to-date wardrobe. A dress with which I indulged myself from Rouff is of a new fawn-colour, the material *étamine*, of which we shall hear more as spring advances. A wide skirt, still, slightly less so than last year's mode, is bordered by one row of black satin, and the scalloped basques around the bodice stand exceedingly erect, as everywhere decreed.

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Under these circumstances, manufacturers have again looked to this Institution, and in response the Directors have much pleasure in announcing that an Exhibition of a comprehensive and International character of all things appertaining to the Road, to Travel, and to Mechanical Roads Locomotion, is to be opened in May next.

It has been represented to the Directors that if, concurrently with the exhibition and demonstration of the most modern applications of science to mechanical locomotion upon common roads, an Exhibition of all kinds of animal-drawn Road Vehicles and Carriages of both historical and current interest be held, including illustrations of ancient modes of travel and of road conveyances now displaced by the introduction of railways, great commercial, educational, and recreative advantages would accrue.

Thus encouraged and aided by the practical assistance of the City Companies, the Worshipful Company of Coachmakers, the Institute of British Carriage Manufacturers, as well as private owners, who are lending their valuable and unique collections, the Directors intend to carry out this universally expressed desire to the greatest extent the space at their disposal—and this is great—will admit.



MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON AS LUDWIG IN "THE GRAND DUKE," AT THE SAVOY.

*"At the outset I may mention, it's my sovereign intention
To revive the classic memories of Athens at its best."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



MADAME VON PALMAY AS JULIA IN "THE GRAND DUKE," AT THE SAVOY.

*"So ends my dream—so fades my vision fair ;
Of hope no gleam—distraction and despair."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A FACER FOR THE SABBATARIANS.

The House of Commons has, at last, taken a sensible line with regard to the Sunday opening of museums and art-galleries in London. Five years ago, a resolution in favour of that reform was opposed by the Government of the day, and defeated by an overwhelming majority. Last week, a resolution, identical in principle, was carried by a majority almost as large, the Government declining to take any corporate action. This time the reformers shrewdly disarmed a good deal of criticism by providing that the museums and picture-galleries should be opened at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and that in no case should the servants in such institutions work more than six days a-week. This strategy forced the Sabbatarians back on two untenable positions—first, that Sunday opening was contrary to the Christian religion, and secondly, that the working-classes did not desire it. A solemn young nobleman from South Kensington reminded the House of the Fourth Commandment, which had no more to do with the matter than the works of Plato. It is the Jewish Sabbath which is enjoined by the Commandment, not the first day of the week, but the seventh; and every Saturday of his life that Commandment is broken by the solemn young nobleman in South Kensington or elsewhere. Moreover, the theory of evolution which, as Mr. Balfour said not long ago, is now held by all educated people, does not recognise the ancient notion that the universe was created in six days, and that the Almighty found it necessary to rest from his labours the day after. That belongs to a childlike philosophy of the Divine resources, still taught, it is true, in the Sunday Schools so dear to the solemn young nobleman, but tacitly disregarded by thinking persons. As for the second proposition of the Sabbatarians, it is foolish on the face of it. The working classes would offer the strongest opposition to any scheme which threatened to deprive them of their Sunday rest; but the resolution passed by the Commons does nothing of the kind. It is simply designed to give an opportunity to Londoners to see their own art-treasures on the only day when many of them have ample leisure. This is not an opportunity for working-men only, and the sneer that they will prefer the public-house, which the egregious Sabbatarians are quite willing to leave open on Sunday, is as futile as it is indecent. The London museums are the property of the public, and it is idiotic to keep out of the British Museum, for example, the intelligent people who would spend part of their Sunday there if they had the chance. It is high time that the foreigner who sees London, on the Sabbath, with its picture-galleries closed, and its beer in full tide, should be deprived of at least one topic of sardonic mirth at the expense of our national hypocrisy. The resolution of the House of Commons will, we trust, be acted upon without delay. One excellent result ought to be the practical extinction of that crew of bigots and busybodies, the Lord's Day Observance Society.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION.

THE CINÉMATOGRAPHE OF M. LUMIÈRE.

Although unwilling to quarrel with William Shakspeare about his statement that the rose would smell as sweet under any other name, I can't help thinking that "Cinématographe" is a nasty word for busy people. It has a terrifying effect upon the man in the street who calls an entertainment a "show." But it must be confessed that, despite its name, M. Lumière's invention is one that will ultimately emulate the telegraph and telephone in usefulness. Instantaneous photography developed to a surprising extent is, apparently, the secret of the Cinématographe. Photographs of a moving scene taken at the rate of fifteen per second, and thrown on to a screen through the machine at the same rapid rate, enable the eye to retain one image until the successor is presented. The result is a moving picture of the event, scrupulously exact in detail, whose importance it would be difficult to overestimate.

The columns of *The Sketch* are my confessional, and I do not hesitate to say that its long name kept me away from the new invention when the scribes of London were bidden to its reception.

I saw the Cinématographe worked for the first time at the Empire Theatre last Monday week. Ten pictures were presented. I take one, "The Arrival of the Paris Express," as a type. A railway-station is the subject of the first photograph thrown on the screen, and, from flashes in all directions, it is evident that the effect is sustained by rapidly continued exposures. In the distance there is some smoke, then the engine of the express is seen, and in a few seconds the train rushes in so quickly that, in common with most of the people in the front rows of the stalls, I shift uneasily in my seat and think of railway accidents. Then the train slows down and stops, passengers alight, the bustle of the station is absolutely before us; the figures are life-size. Old country-women ascend and descend; some man jumps on to the platform, and then looks about helplessly, until other passengers elbow him aside. It is such a scene as I have often witnessed on a journey to or from the Riviera; and, in the darkened house, it stands out with a realism that

seemingly defies improvement. Granting, for the sake of argument, that this picture took one minute to present, it represented nine hundred photographs originally taken at the station in the same space of time, and there was no palpable break in the continuity of the series. The effect on the audience was shown by the applause that would not be silenced until the picture was presented again.

M. Lumière's five-syllabled invention is yet in its infancy; its possibilities are almost awe-inspiring. At present the photographs are no bigger than postage-stamps, and, thrown life-size on to the screen, they inevitably lose certain details. When practice has brought about perfection, where will the invention stop? Imagine it worked in connection with the phonograph. The past will become annihilated; our great Parliamentary debates, our monster meetings, our operatic and theatrical performances, will remain for ever, or even longer. I do not dare to think of the scientific and medical possibilities, but am content to dwell on the more popular ones.

While the phonograph preserves the sounds, the Cin., &c., will do the rest. A trifle of about forty-five thousand exposures will preserve an Empire ballet intact for ever. Why did not M. Lumière arrange his invention before the exquisite Katrina became a thing of the past? Soon nothing that is beautiful will be mortal, and as the song has become immortal through the phonograph, the exquisite graces of the dance will be preserved by the new invention. Would not Horace have modified his

famous ode to Postumus had he dreamt of such things as will soon be regarded as ordinary? I have for the last week been imagining some of the many things that will be represented sooner or later. How splendidly a Spanish bull-fight could be shown!

The present exhibition at the Empire Theatre, where, by the way, breathing-space is almost at a premium, is directed by M. Trewey, and I felt that I must call on him, in the interests of humanity at large, or rather, that large part of humanity given to *Sketch* reading.

I found M. Trewey on the stage of the Empire, smiling for all he is worth—which is probably a large amount. No wonder he looked pleased. A few hours before he had been visited at the Polytechnic by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who had expressed their delight with his entertainment.

"M. Lumière, of Lyons," he said, "is my oldest friend, and he gave me the choice of the country in which I would show his invention. Of course, I chose England. I had intended to retire from work altogether, for"—and his eyes twinkled—"I have been a careful man! But I thought this work would be very light, so I took it. Now, I never know a moment's rest, and I have promised the directors here to give at least one new picture every week. As soon as the fine weather sets in again," he went on, "we shall do fresh work on the racecourse, river, and similar places. We are not going to be idle."

And, as though to prove his words, M. Trewey, with a hurried apology, bustled off to the centre of the stage with all the energy and enthusiasm of a very young man. I noticed that the machine was being rapidly prepared, and that one or two of the charming *corps de ballet* had evidently obtained permission to see the performance from the stage. Unfortunately for me, I was very much overdue at another house of entertainment. I could but sigh for the delight of the few occasions when my visits to Empire stageland have been longer. Then I departed.

A DIRGE.

Now Love is dead,
What can I do?
Nothing to scheme about,
Nothing to dream about;
Colourless blue
Stretched overhead;
Sun with no heat in it,
Life with no sweet in it—
Now Love is dead.
Now Love is dead,
How can I sing?
How many times I made
Love shape the rhymes I made
Under his wing!
Now all is said;
How can I fill my purse,
How fashion still my verse,
Now Love is dead?

E. NESBIT.



M. TREWEY.

SMALL TALK.

The meeting of the Queen and the Emperor of Austria at Cimiez on Friday brought together two of the oldest sovereigns in Europe, who had never met before. Her Majesty is enjoying good weather. The Princess of Wales visited the Hunter Show on Thursday, and also received Sir Francis Scott.

Princess Alexandra of Coburg and Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg are to be married on April 20.

Mrs. Marks must, I suppose, be added to the list of historic lady canvassers. The men who went in attendance on her had no chance of getting a word in—she could tell the judges that, and there was no disposition on the part of the Bench to disbelieve her. Ladies as canvassers are familiarities with us now. The Primrose League has accomplished that bloodless revolution, with, perhaps, a little aid from America. Certainly Lady Randolph Churchill made electioneering a more popular pastime than it had been before when her pink dress and her tandem-driving won Woodstock for Lord Randolph. "Brilliant success due almost entirely to you and Georgie," he wired to her on that occasion—the "Georgie" being a feminine Georgie, too, his sister Georgiana, Lady Curzon.

If the Tories have now the greater advantage of "lady-helps" at elections, that is only the rhythm of life, for once it was all on the side of the Whigs. "Most of the pretty women of London are indefatigable in making interest for Charles Fox," wrote Horace Walpole to Lady Ossory. The "great electress" herself, Georgiana (a "Georgie" again), Duchess of Devonshire, had her sisters, Lady Bessborough and Lady Dugannon, to abet her; and as successors she had Georgiana (another "Georgie") Lady Morpeth and Lady Caroline Lamb. The latter, when her husband, Mr. George Lamb, was a candidate for Westminster, failed, however, to win the vote of William Godwin. She wrote to him, "Lady Caroline Lamb presents her compliments to Mr. Godwin, and fears his politics will incline him to refuse her request of his interest for Mr. George Lamb. She hopes, however, it will not offend if she solicits it." The reply was one which, for the seriousness of it, might very well have been dated from the Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, by a philosopher of our own day: "You have mistaken me. Mr. G. Lamb has my sincere good wishes. My creed is a short one. I am in principle a Republican, but in practice a Whig. But I am a philosopher—that is, a person desirous to become wise—and I aim at that object by reading, writing, and a little by conversation. But I do not mix in the business of the world, and I am now too old to alter my course even at the flattering invitation of Lady Caroline Lamb."

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn will have to be photographed afresh with her hundred and twenty descendants. Four more great-grandsons have been added to the family tree in one day, by Lady Frances Gresley, Lady Edith King-Noel, and the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Anson, the last-named lady contributing twins.

Anyone who takes the trouble to stroll to Westminster Abbey and judge of the transformation-scene that has taken place in respect of its south-eastern aspect by the recent demolition of houses, will, I should fancy, devoutly hope that turf, and no building, not even the long-talked-of Memorial Chapel, will occupy the space that has been cleared. The new view of the Abbey, with the Chapter House disclosed, makes me wonder at the Vandalism of a period that permitted the stately Gothic beauty to be wedged and crowded by the plain, useful, domestic. I noticed that one of the houses was actually built around the eastern-most of the flying buttresses of the Chapter House, the newly revealed stone of which is quite unstained on two of its sides, while on the face still clings plaster, to which scraps of the paper that decorated a dwelling-room yet adhere—as strange-looking a combination as one could imagine. It will most certainly be a blunder if anything in the shape of bricks and mortar is permitted. Indeed, it would much add to the symmetry of the effect if yet another residence were pulled down, that of Mr. Labouchere, which abuts at an awkward angle, and, with its mangled side supported by timber, presents a very ungracious appearance. There is no element of picturesqueness in the building to plead for it.

I saw Mr. S. R. Crockett walking past the Houses of Parliament, a fine figure amid a crowd of commonplace M.P.'s hurrying home to dress for dinner. The Scottish story-teller is of "ruddy countenance," with no trace of the pale cast of thought on his cheerful face. He always seems to enjoy London, and apparently does not mind, by way of a change from the solitudes of Penicuik, the unceasing roar of traffic. For he likes to live within a stone's-throw of the "finest square in London," possibly in sympathy with the lions who do not exact conversation and are not invited to "At Homes." Mr. Crockett hopes to enjoy a tour through Holland, which may supply him with some material for another story, or allow him quietly to write one of his numerous commissions.

I attended both the fancy-dress ice-balls at Hengler's and at Niagara last week. At the former, the men's disguises were considered by the judges to surpass those of the ladies in originality and general excellence. The chief prize-winners were The Lady of the Harem, a Nun, a lady dressed in lilies and electric-lights (Miss Kate Alger), a Skeleton, John Bull, the Flying Squadron, Jack-in-the-Box, &c. The general skating was excellent, and the "figuring" by experts marvellous.

Mr. Meagher, in Hungarian costume, and the before-mentioned John Bull, accurately got up, called for constant applause, as did the evolutions of a company of seven Harlequins with limelight effects. I noted some very ingenious costumes at Niagara, which was beautifully decorated. The best costume, I think, was the Polar Bear, who glided gracefully about with Miss Hetty Hamer, got up in the loveliest white. Mrs. Langtry was resplendent as a Watteau Shepherdess. One gentleman figured realistically as a bricklayer. The whole scene was very brilliant. At two o'clock in the morning I went out for supper, for which I paid half-a-guinea. It was the dearest supper I have ever taken, for at that hour there was almost nothing left. Mr. William Whiteley proved very far from being a "universal provider" on this occasion. This department should be seen to by the directors of Niagara.

The Department of Fine Arts in Paris must be a singularly innocent and guileless bureau. As matters stand, the Parisian *claque*, a detestable institution, is freely "tipped" by actors and actresses who want to get on. But the Government think it can put down tipping and bribing by appointing official *claqueurs* at all the subventioned theatres. The same thing was tried by Halanzier, a celebrated French manager, during the Exhibition of 1878, but it proved a failure. The venal *claque* was restored, after a few nights, at the demand of the authors themselves.

It was pointed out the other day, in connection with the new drama by George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley, now in rehearsal at the Princess's Theatre, how few plays have India for a background. A good six years before "A Sister's Penance," at the Adelphi, in which Miss Kate Terry so distinguished herself, the same charming actress appeared at the St. James's Theatre (Oct. 29, 1860), on the opening night of Alfred Wigan's management, in a play by Tom Taylor, called "Up at the Hills." I wonder if Lang assisted Tom Taylor in this play, as he did, unrecognised, in many others. The cast was a splendid one, containing as it did Alfred Wigan, Miss Herbert; Charles Young, the first husband of Mrs. Hermann Vezin; Ashley, who made his first appearance in London; Mr. Terry, the father of all the Terrys now happily alive; Mrs. Alfred Wigan, Fred Dewar, Sam Emery, son of the great Emery and father of Miss Winifred Emery, and the charming Nellie Moore. What a magnificent cast!

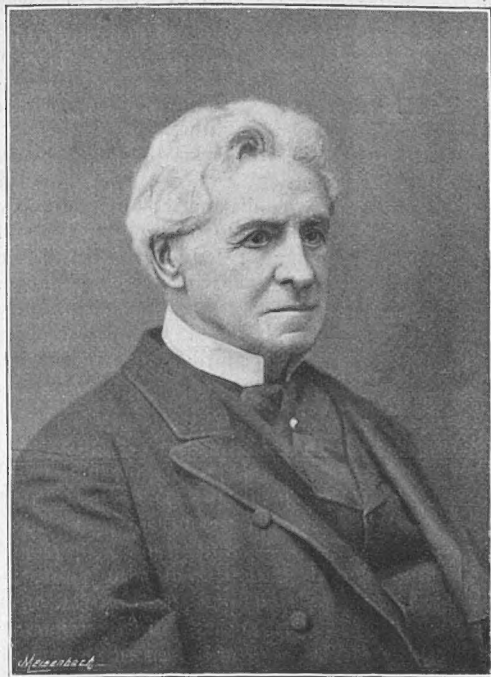
What the old-fashioned newspaper-reporters used to call the "devouring element," meaning a fire, does not seem to appreciate either "Hamlet" in French or the works of the lately deceased Ambroise Thomas. These facts are curious. On Dec. 15, 1877, there was acted for the first time a five-act drama, by Théodore Barrière, at the Théâtre Historique, Paris, entitled "La Centième d'Hamlet," the big situation of the piece being a fire in a theatre where "Hamlet," on its hundredth night, is supposed to have been played. One night, when the drama was acted at the Théâtre des Arts, Rouen, a fire broke out, and the house was partly burned down.

The hundredth performance of Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" was to have taken place at the Old Opera House, Rue le Peletier, on Oct. 23, 1873, but the performance did not take place, as the house was destroyed by fire on the morning of that date. The Opéra Comique was burned down, and many lives lost, during a performance of the opera "Mignon," by Ambroise Thomas; and the Grand Theatre, Buenos Ayres, fell a victim to fire and flame whilst his "Mignon" was being acted. In fact, it might be said, it was the *policy* of Ambroise Thomas to have his successes insured.

The *Era* must have its joke. It gravely informs its readers that "it is only by the courtesy" of Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. George Du Maurier that poor Mr. Paul M. Potter, the author of the Haymarket version of "Trilby," gets any fees at all for his own work! But surely actor-managers have not turned highwaymen, nor artist-authors become Claude Duvals! If "Trilby" is not Mr. Paul Potter's play, then whose play is it? The *Era* has only to turn to the record of its own columns to prove that the play that was so successful in New York is identical with the equally successful play in London, and that Mr. William Lackaye invented most of the business—notably the back-fall death over the table—adopted by Mr. Tree. It seems a pity to cause a friction between the art patrons of England and America by statements that are naturally resented by a sensitive people. It is a curious feature in human nature that the man who has continually exaggerated some episode of his life eventually believes it to be true. Similarly, an actor who has made a success in a part is in the end convinced that he wrote the play in which it occurred.

The following excellent true story is, so far as I am aware, what the French call *inédit*. Actors are proverbially a superstitious race, and some of them may be confirmed in their beliefs when I tell them of "a lucky sixpence" that played a part of some importance in the production of "Our Boys." On the first night of that veritable "gold-mine," the late David James was hurrying down to the Vaudeville, when he was stopped outside the shop of his greengrocer by the proprietor thereof rushing out. "Oh, Mr. James," exclaimed he, "you are going to produce a new play to-night. I wish you success, and also present you with this lucky sixpence. It has always brought luck to me." David James took the coin, and wore it for a long time, afterwards giving it to Mr. George Rignold, who carries it attached to his watch-chain. I wonder if Mr. Rignold attributes any share of his fortunes during his long spell of actor-managership in Australia to that kindly greengrocer's sixpence.

The death of Mr. Henry Howe, which robs the English stage of one of its veterans, took place under pathetic circumstances, for he was taken ill at Cincinnati, and had to be left behind by Sir Henry Irving,



MR. HOWE.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

who went on to Chicago. The son of a Quaker of the name of Hutchinson, he was born in Norwich on March 31, 1812, and received his education at a school in Yorkshire, where John Bright and William Howitt were among his fellow pupils. When he was nineteen he ran away from home, and joined a travelling theatrical company, making his first appearance in London in 1834, and three years later joining Macready. Then he went to the Haymarket, remaining there for the long period of forty years, making many successes in company with Charles Mathews, Vestris, the Keans, and Miss Cushman. He was in the first cast of "The Lady of

Lyons" and "Richelieu." He was so long, in fact, on the stage that he had played every male part in several plays, including "Money." He joined Sir Henry Irving in 1881, and had remained with him since. Of late years he had had to leave his cottage at Isleworth, and take up his quarters off the Strand, for the journey into town was too much for his strength. He never recovered from the shock he sustained by the death of his second wife and his son, a well-known journalist, two years ago, and now he has passed away, far from home, the last stage representative of the fine old English gentlemen all of the olden school.

I remember an incident in the annals of the dramatic association with which he had been connected for the last fifteen years of his life. I have before me some verses, originally printed for private circulation, and entitled "The Lyceum Christmas Play, as performed at Pittsburgh on Christmas Eve, 1884, on the presentation to Miss Ellen Terry of a little Souvenir from the Gentlemen of the Lyceum Company." On that evening Mr. Irving entertained the company at dinner, and they entertained him and Miss Terry by discussing in rhyme some mysterious drama which Mr. Loveday, the stage-manager, was supposed to have up his sleeve. Here are four of the most characteristic stanzas—

GEORGE ALEXANDER:

But I say, Loveday, have I got a part in it,
That I can wear a cloak in, and look smart in it?
Not that I care a fig for gaudy show, dear boy,
But juveniles must look well, don't you know, dear boy!
And shall I lordly hall and tuns of claret own?
And may I murmur love in dulcet baritone?
Tell me, at least, this simple fact of it—
Can I beat Terriss hollow in one act of it?

T. WENMAN:

Baritone be hanged! Here's a rolling bass for you!
See this manly chest; here's a speaking face for you!
Shall I make it red as Belch's or tomato's is,
Or dignified and pale, as old Leonato's is?
Any way, you bet, I'm ready for extremities—
Choppard or King Lear—I don't care which of them it is!
You hear my lower F;—give me lots of scope for it;
But don't give Forbes the fat, or else there is no hope for it!

T. MEAD:

What's this about a voice? Surely you forget it, or
Wilfully conceal that I have no competitor!
I do not know the play, nor even what its title is,
But safe to make success a charnel-house recital is!
So please to bear in mind, if I am not to fail in it,
That Hamlet's father's Ghost must rob the Lyons Mail in it!
No! that's not correct! But you may spare your charity—
A good sepulchral groan's the thing for popularity!

H. HOWE:

Boys, take my advice: the stage is not the question,
But whether at four score you'll all have my digestion.
Why yearn for plays to pose as Brutuses or Catos in,
When you may get a garden to grow the best potatoes in?
You see that at my age by Nature's shocks unharmed I am,
Tho', if I sneeze but thrice, good heavens, how alarmed I am!
But act your parts like men, and tho' you all great sinners are,
You're sure to act like men wherever Irving's dinners are!

Of these four members of the old Lyceum Company, three are dead—Thomas Wenman, Thomas Mead, and Henry Howe, but Mr. Alexander

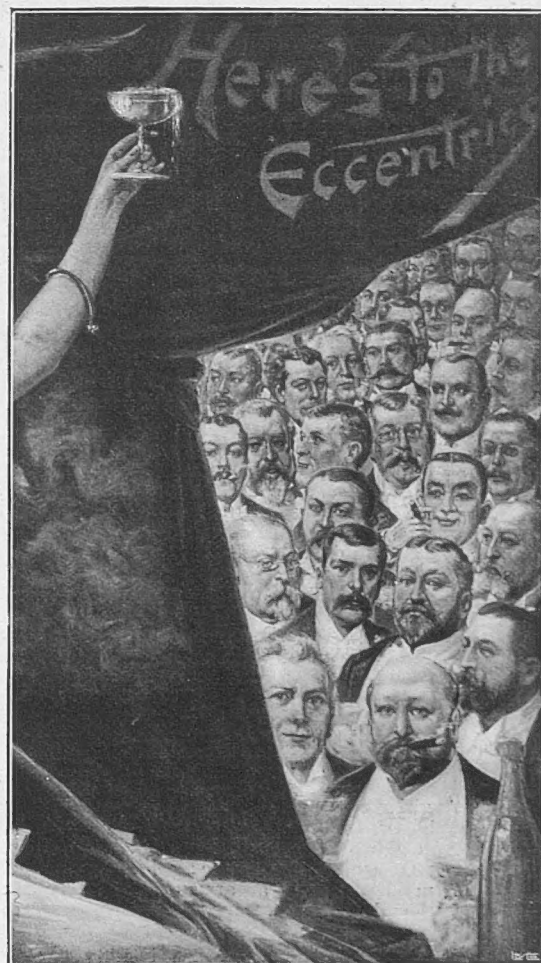
"still lives a prosperous gentleman." The garden in which dear old "Daddy" grew the "best potatoes" was at Isleworth, where I have enjoyed his hospitality, and listened to his stories of Edmund Kean. His memory of that great actor was remarkably vivid. I remember, one night in New York, we saw Clara Morris together, and after an extraordinary passage of fiery emotion from that great actress, Howe turned to me and said, "There, I've often tried to describe Kean's acting to you. *This is the thing itself!*"

I have received a letter from the Rev. Dennis Hird, author of "A Christian with Two Wives," on which I commented a week or two ago. Mr. Hird says his remarkable story does not advocate polygamy, and so my "pious wish" for his inhibition cannot be gratified. Well, I have no wish in the matter, pious or otherwise. I simply want to know what the Bishop of Hereford and Lady Henry Somerset think of Mr. Hird's bigamous Christian.

I find that the versifying vagrant mentioned in these columns the other week is not an original poet, but only a parodist of that hard-worked American housewife whose epitaph stated—

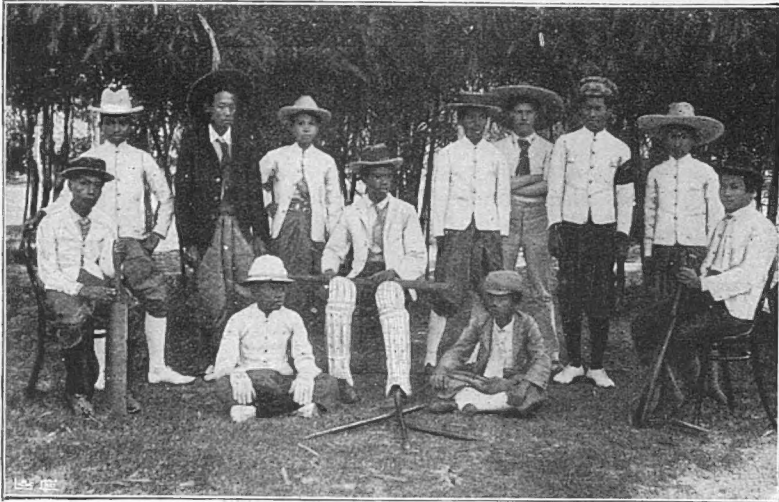
Here lies a poor woman who always was tired,
Who lived in a house where no help was hired;
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, now I'm goin'
Where cleanin' ain't done, neither sweepin', nor sewin'.
I'm goin' to a place that's exact to my wishes,
For where folks don't eat there's no washin' up dishes;
I'm goin' where loud anthems for ever is ringin',
But havin' no voice I shan't join in the singin'.
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never;
I'm goin' to do nothin' for ever and ever."

The most recent and most popular addition to the somewhat eccentric picture-gallery which graces the walls of the Eccentric Club, that popular home of well-dressed and cleanly Bohemia in Shaftesbury Avenue, is unquestionably M. Edel's new and clever work, a photograph of which appears below. Mere black-and-white fails to do the original anything like justice, for, as in the case of all M. Edel's pictures, their colouring is their chiefest charm. The picture represents the special goddess who sits up aloft looking after the fortunes of the Eccentrics, toasting sundry of her more favoured charges; and among these will be recognised more or less speaking likenesses of Sir Augustus Harris, of Drury Lane; Mr. George R. Sims, the good "Dagonet" of the *Referee*; Mr. Frank Pelican Boyd, and Mr. Walter Beard, the well-known solicitor. Among the actors are to be seen Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Mr. Denby Hare; while of the composers, of whom the club boasts many in its roll of members, are Mr. Ivan Caryll,



Mr. Meyer Lutz, and M. Jacobi. Among the other faces, those of such good fellows as Mr. "Billy" White, Mr. Alias, Mr. "Jack" Harrison (the popular hon. sec. of the club), Mr. Tom Fraser, Mr. Will E. Chapman, and Mr. "Tommy" Smith will be readily recognised.

Cricket has penetrated to Siam, and here are the first boys who have learnt the game. They are students at the Normal College in Bangkok. It is interesting to note the evident pride with which the wicket-keeper displays his gloves.



THE FIRST AND ONLY SIAMESE CRICKET ELEVEN.

Photo by Principal.

I note that in New York, Duse has set a fashion. Unconsciously, of course, for no actress cares less about giving away her individuality than the great Italian—a point on which you should read an excellent book, "Modern Women," by the Swede, Fru Hansson, just published by Mr. John Lane. The Duse eyelid, I learn, is replacing the Ellen Terry skip and the Bernhardt mouth. The latter was got by rouging the mouth in a narrow vivid line. A masseuse has now taken up the Duse eyelid, guaranteeing the "perfect article" in three lessons. Here is the recipe—

First compose the countenance to a tranquil gravity. Next, hold in the cheeks, thrust forward the chin, and let the corners of the mouth droop sadly. The background thus formed, half close the eyes, and lift the inner corners of the brows as high as possible without wrinkling the forehead. This will give a downward mournful line to the tail of the eye. Last, a slight touch of brown cosmetic over the lids brings the Duse heaviness, and a little rouge just above increases their size and prominence.

It is all very simple, no doubt, but it strikes me as complicating the profound problem of the *ego* in a way that Mr. Gilbert might cast—the new Savoy opera having come to us—into the form of one of his familiar ditties—

There live some women, I am told—
They're sometimes young, but oftener old—
Who copy her whose voice is "gold"
(A synonym for mellow).
They've taken Madame Bernhardt's face,
And bring the aid of Art to trace
Her ruby lips (of wondrous grace)—
It's done with rouge and yellow.
Such women may be dull or smart,
They may have much or little heart;
But everyone imagines Art
Makes satin out of shoddy.
So, be they stout or be they spare,
Or be they raven-black or fair,
They tint their lips, they dye their hair,
And ape the Bernhardt's body.

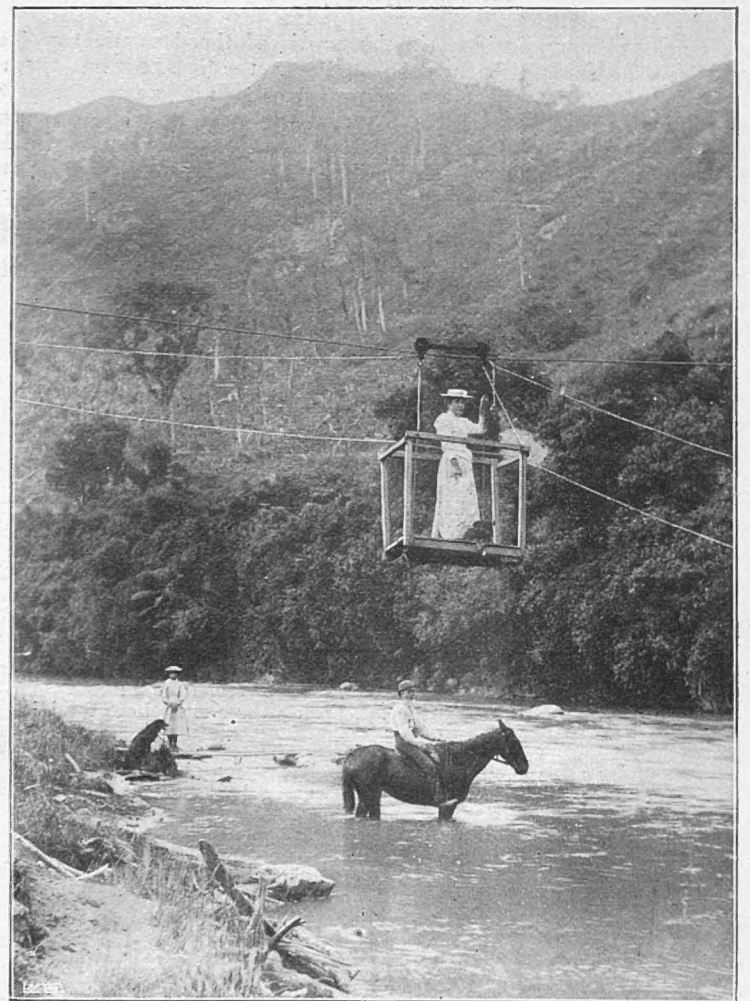
But that is scarce enough for those
Who take their cue from old Tussaud's,
And, having stolen Sarah's pose,
They calmly cross the ferry,
And come to England for a tip
By adding on to Sarah's lip
The funny little saucy skip
Of Mistress Ellen Terry.
And now it is the Duse eye
That makes the "made-up" maiden sigh;
Because the pupil will not dye,
And that is such a bore ah!
But these are days of girls "that did,"
And so, though Nature may forbid
A change of tint, they'll steal the lid
Of drowsy Eleanora.

A girl whose mouth is "made in France,"
Who trips an English skip and dance,
And glares a dark Italian glance
Of sorrow or defiance;
A maid with such an armament,
Although it be but fraudulent,
In point of fact must represent
A Triple-crown Alliance;
And that although she claims, you know,
The land and doctrine of Monroe;
Yet this is what the States can grow—
They gave us Colonel Cody.
And yet, somehow, it seems to me,
If one is Eleanora D.
Plus Sarah B. and Ellen T.,
One can't be anybody.

How is it that ladies will be so cruel to their own sex? There are forms of spite that are absolutely feminine, and I do not believe that men who are avowed enemies would talk of one another so cruelly as women will. This reflection, made more in sorrow than anger, is drawn from me by something I heard the other afternoon at a fashionable skating establishment. There were two ladies standing side by side; one was young and the other was young—some years ago. While they were talking, a pretty girl came to rest, attended by a cavalier, who evidently knew them, but did not wish to be recognised on this particular occasion. As they passed, the younger of the ladies noticed the girl's hair, which was reminiscent of Titian's in its golden beauty. "Oh, what lovely hair!" she said artlessly, and half aloud, so that the owner of the locks could not choose but hear. "Yes," replied the elderly one, with a sniff indicative of aggressive righteousness; "a very distinct colour, and very expensive, I dare say." This remark was made quite loudly, and within hearing of several people. The younger lady was silent; the skater and her companion moved off hastily, he gnawing his moustache, she flushing deeply; several people looked up with a momentary forgetfulness of the indifference that marks *bon ton*. It was a trifling matter altogether, but enough to spoil the happy and harmless afternoon entertainment of at least two people.

The Prince and Princess Albrecht of Prussia, travelling as Count and Countess Ravensberg, with a suite of twenty people, stayed last week at the Hotel Albemarle, going on to Bournemouth.

The picture represents an everyday scene on the sheep-farm of Mr. J. Whiteman, on the Wangaeu River, North Island, New Zealand. The cage in which the young lady and her dog are setting forth to make an afternoon call is the only means of reaching and leaving the home-stead, except by fording the river on horseback. The water is deep in mid-stream, rapid, and strongly impregnated with sulphur, its source being in the crater of Ruapehu. After rains, when a "fresh" comes down, the atmosphere of the valley is strongly reminiscent of Sodom and Gomorrah. The cage-ropes are manipulated by the passenger herself. To a stranger, the sensation in crossing the swiftly rushing waters in the rocking conveyance is a little nerve-trying, especially when the fragile machine suddenly sticks in the middle, as sometimes happens, and refuses to budge either backwards or forwards. All the station wool is swung across the river by the same means, and is then conveyed in waggons over some twenty miles of road cut out of sheer precipices. On the cleared land the sheep feed to apparently inaccessible heights. The



HOW A NEW ZEALAND GIRL PAYS CALLS: CROSSING THE RIVER WANGAEHU.

untouched virgin bush is densely crowded with tall fern-trees, and other mountain foliage of great beauty. The scenery is grand and wild in the extreme. The settlers, in the winter, are frequently blocked in for weeks with heavy earthslips. These fall from the cliffs on to the road—the only means of access to this remote but most picturesque region.

Miss José Dubois, the young violinist who figures in the accompanying photograph, has such undoubted ability that it will be quite safe to prophesy a bright future for her. She has mastered the technique of her art, and her sympathetic playing makes a pleasing contrast to the hard, even though correct, interpretation of violin music by many of her contemporaries. Miss Dubois has the hopes of youth, and she will probably realise her ambition to become a great violinist if she continues to bestow the conscientious labour which must always be the accompaniment of genius. Miss Meen, her accompanist, is a niece of Mr. Fountain Meen, the pianist.

Toynbee Hall on the Elizabethan variety of that interesting animal. We should think the present-day publisher, hemmed in, as he is, on every side by the Authors' Society, the literary agent, and the laws of copyright, must sometimes be inclined to look back with regret on those "good old times" when the purloining of a manuscript by some well-known author, and its publication without his knowledge, or even against his will, was considered a perfectly legitimate stroke of business. Authors were then well content with the honour and glory of writing, and no thought of filthy lucre entered into their calculations. Publishers treated manuscripts, however obtained, as



MISS JOSÉ DUBOIS AND MISS F. C. MEEN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

If you want to know London—and who that doesn't live in it can afford to be long ignorant of its intricate geography?—you cannot possibly do better than favour Messrs. George Philip and Son's admirable "Handy Series" of maps to the great wilderness, several new ones just having been added. One of these depicts London four and a-half miles round Charing Cross, and contains an elaborate index of places. It is extremely useful. North London and South London, three inches to the mile, are equally good. Even more interesting is the "picture map" of the Metropolis, giving a clear bird's-eye view of streets and spires, and every building of any interest whatever.

The origin and development of the publisher has been occupying the attention of Mr. Sidney Lee, who lately gave an entertaining address at

their own property, and altered them according to their taste and fancy, without the smallest regard for the writer's feelings, and only influenced by the fear lest a more correct edition should be brought out by a rival in the trade. Publishers, as distinct from printers, came into existence on the formation of the Stationers' Company in 1557, and, as Mr. Lee remarked, it is worth noticing that the proper organisation of the trade was coincident with a splendid burst of literary effort. At any rate, there is no doubt that to the publishers of that day is due the preservation, if not the creation, of some of the triumphs of English literature.

Lord Loch has accepted the presidency of the St. George's Club, Hanover Square, W., the late president, Lord Brassey, having resigned on his appointment to the Governorship of Victoria.

Mr. Barrett Browning seems to have inherited his father's glowing generosity of nature, and the graceful tact which so endeared the inmates of Casa Guidi to their Italian neighbours, for on being asked by the Croce Rossa Society to lend them the Rezzonico Palace for their annual ball, he took all the organisation of the charity fête into his own hands, and the result seems to have been one that Paul Veronese might have envied. No man living knows more of the artistic and picturesque side of mediæval Italy than the present owner of the beautiful palace of the Doges, and since the building passed into his possession every apartment, from the great ball-room to the smallest boudoir, has been most carefully restored. On the night of the ball, all the reception-rooms, brilliantly lit with wax candles and electric light, were thrown open to the eight hundred guests who responded to the invitation of the Croce Rossa. In the ball-room, which might more truly be styled the Hall of Mirrors, a string orchestra discoursed sweet music. Camellias, shrubs, and rose-trees lined the broad marble staircase, and the *salon*, where the tombola took place, was filled with plants. Many valuable prizes were raffled for, supreme among them being an antique silver coffee-pot offered by the Queen of Italy. The fête realised the— for Florence—considerable sum of seven hundred pounds, and, thanks to their English artist-host, the excellent society to whose request he had responded in so princely a fashion will reap the entire benefit. By the way, I hear that Mr. Barrett Browning is working hard at a large picture to be exhibited, if not at this, then at next year's Academy.

Of the many forms of well-doing indulged in by the Duke of Westminster and his charming Duchess, few are more deserving of praise than the readiness with which they lend the ball-room and gallery of Grosvenor House to any *bona-fide* philanthropist who can turn the loan to good account. These reflections are induced by the recollection of a pleasant hour spent by me last week when assisting at the concert given in aid of that God-forsaken spot, the Parish of St. George the Martyr, Southwark. The beautiful rooms rarely looked better, and formed an admirable background to the smart crowd who had come to hear Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, and several other notable people sing, play, and recite in "the sacred cause of charity." By the way, the latest of discoveries is evidently going to become a fashionable craze, for I gathered that most of those round me had been attracted hither by the announcement that at the end of the musical programme would take place a "short exhibition of the new photography!"

Something like a quarter of a million sterling is, I understand, to be expended on that interesting adjunct to London's commerce, the old Greenland Dock, which forms part of the Surrey Commercial Dock Company's system of basins and waterways. This historic dock derives its name from the use made of it in the old days, when the Greenland fisheries had it as headquarters of their shipping, and was then provided with the necessary apparatus for boiling blubber; but in 1807, the whale-fishery being given up, the docks were appropriated to ships engaged in the European timber and corn trades, and extensive granaries were then built. I see it stated that this dock was constructed in 1660, but I confess I have been unable to find an authority for the statement; perhaps some of my readers can give chapter and verse on the subject. In an old map of London which I possess, and which was published just a century ago, in January, 1796, the spot occupied by the Greenland

Dock is a blank, though other docks are marked upon it. This is rather strange, as I fancy the dock must have existed long before that date, and it was certainly an important one. The changes about to be made are necessitated by the fact that large steamers have displaced sailing vessels as carriers of timber and grain. By the way, I noticed on looking at that old map of mine that among the list of public buildings only three theatres are given—Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Haymarket. There is a development in this direction that perhaps exceeds even that of the shipping of the great Metropolis.

It is a ridiculous habit of mine to get interested in my fellow-travellers, even when they are in themselves quite uninteresting. The other day, during the run from Aberdeen to London, I was privileged to meet a lady (elderly) whose energetic personality I have never seen equalled. She compelled interest. Joining the train in Forfarshire, she at once attached herself to a lady and gentleman who were in the carriage, and, picking up a book of theirs, proceeded to discourse on Kipling. From that moment until Edinburgh was reached the good

dame conversed in an even stream. The lady and gentleman aforementioned owned to an appreciation of Rudyard, for, like his own "Jack Barret," they were from Quetta (were returning thither, in fact), so conversation became easy. They of Quetta, being likewise of the world, parried all the dame's sidelong inquiries; but she bore no malice, and poured forth all her family history—how her son Jack was a doctor in Dunedin, and she "knocked through to him" every New Year's Eve; how she herself had never been out of Scotland, and so forth. I kept silence, but was not wholly "out of it," for every now and then the dainty, blue-eyed dame from Quetta gave me a comical little smile, full of meaning. Then our vigorous Scotswoman ran down the Kailyard School, and passed from that to censure sentimental pietism as the bane of modern Scotland, quoting her old friend Professor Blackie, whom she had been honoured to entertain. From that she passed to philanthropy, and told us of her work among the fisher-people near her own home, of their toils and hardships. It was on their behalf, indeed, that

she was travelling that day to plead before the Fishery Board for better harbour accommodation; and the practical goodwife, producing elaborate plans, discoursed of tides, currents, and breakwaters with the facility of an engineer. Who she was I know not, but perhaps the First Lord of the Treasury, whom she claimed as "a great friend," will recognise the portrait. At any rate, the officials of the Fishery Board were evidently in for a good time.

What will cure Mr. Thomas Hardy of his pessimism? The redoubtable "Droch" of New York *Life* has discovered the panacea. "Jude's great and only crime," he says, in reviewing the latest novel, "was in not being born somewhere along the Connecticut River, instead of in the worn-out civilisation of Wessex. Come and see us, Mr. Hardy; we'll cure your melancholy."

The *Poster* is the name of a new American monthly. The *Philistine*, a periodical of protest, "printed every little while for the Society of Philistines," is the name of another. Its motto is taken from the First Book of Samuel: "The Lords of the Philistines went up against Israel. And when the Children of Israel heard it, they were afraid of the Philistines."



MR. BARRETT BROWNING'S PALACE IN VENICE.—HOLLAND TRINGHAM.

Miss Minnie Jeffs is again on tour in "All Abroad" with Miss Cissy Grahame's company, having made a hit as Ganem in "The Forty Thieves" at the Theatre Royal, Bradford. While her company was at the Criterion, Miss Jeffs played the leading rôle for some weeks, though her success in it should not be so astonishing, as she was the original Madame Montesque, and the first to sing that cantatrice's popular and kaleidoscopic song. Miss Jeffs is a native of Maida Vale, and was educated at the Kilburn High School, where even as a child she was always chosen to play the principal part in the amateur theatricals, and it was her success at these entertainments that induced her mother to train her with a view to the professional boards. Her début was made, at the early age of ten, in the pantomime at the Grand, Islington, when she was engaged to sing two songs, "The Powder-Monkey" and "Rule Britannia," the latter in a nautical spectacle. Up to that time her mother had been her only teacher, but she is now studying under Mr. John Coates. Miss Jeffs has served the usual provincial apprenticeship with Mr. Arthur Roberts, Miss Alice Atherton, and her present manageress, and she has also played in most of the principal cities in America.

Mr. Frank McVickers, who has been appearing as Taffy at the Haymarket during Mr. Edmund Maurice's "indisposition"—actors are never ill, they are "indisposed"—comes from the North of Ireland. He was educated for the medical profession, taking the London University B.Sc., and for some time he taught mathematics and science in the Government Training College at Waterford. He has been on the stage about nine years, and, after serving the usual provincial apprenticeship, he went to America, later making his first appearance in London at the Princess's in "Antony and Cleopatra," when he played the part of Alexas. Subsequently, he joined Sir Augustus Harris at

Drury Lane, playing parts in "Never Too Late to Mend," "Formosa," "The Sailor's Knot," "The Prodigal Daughter," "A Life of Pleasure," "The World," and "Cheer, Boys, Cheer." He has also appeared many times at matinée performances in town, notably the production of

"Two Men and a Maid," at the Comedy Theatre, in which he sustained the principal rôle with the greatest success, and he was specially engaged for the part of Tom Quincey in the performance of "Judith's Shakspeare" at the last memorial performance at Stratford-on-Avon. He played the part of Mr. Wanklyn in "John-a-Dreams" at the Haymarket, and in the coming representation of "Henry IV." he will be the Douglas; in "Captain Swift" he will undertake the part of Gardner, and it is on the *tapis* that he will be the Theseus in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." He was a great football-player, playing for the South of England as well as the "United Hospitals," and he is also a good cricketer and an ardent fisherman, always indulging in the latter sport during his holidays. He has written a one-act play, "His Pocket-Book," and a farcical comedy, "A Fracas in Piccadilly." Both have already found purchasers, and he is now at work on a four-act drama. Mr. McVickers is a quick study, and very apt at grasping the salient points of a character, and he undertook the part of Taffy at only twelve hours' notice, without rehearsal, and never having seen the piece, for he was still busy at the Olympic. Like many another successful actor who has drifted from the wards to the theatre, he is fully alive to the benefit he reaps from his medical studies, for he says nothing could be more dramatic—nay, tragic—than the everyday experiences in hospital life. The experience which has

made the most lasting impression on his mind was one connected with the theatre, for it was the death of "the great" Vance, who breathed his last under Mr. McVickers' care in the St. George's Hospital, whither he was carried from the stage, dying in his robes, and with all his make-up on.



MISS MINNIE JEFFS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANA, STRAND.

I am incensed against the makers of spring verse, because several of them have asked my advice about "placing" their little efforts. I have invariably suggested the waste-paper basket or grate, and have consequently lost some of my friends. So strongly do I feel on the matter that I hereby contribute a rhymed condemnation of the verse-mongers. It is written on Wagnerian lines, with a "tedious Alexandrine" at the end of each verse, as the *motif* designed to suggest the spring-rhymer. I shall be pleased to receive a testimonial from Wagnerites for promoting the methods of their master.

Poet of Spring, with long and languid hair,
Be kind for once, and bid your Muse forbear
From grinding out unappetising fare,
The toiling postman's curse, the editor's despair.

Sing of spring chicks or onions, if you will,
But send her not to scale Parnassus' hill;
She is no lark whose songs high Heaven thrill,
But rather like the fowl whose wing supplied your quill.

Her faded fancies breathe no sacred fire,
Her reckless rhymes 'gainst many a law conspire,
Her tuneless metres make poor readers tire;
For her there is no place in all Erato's choir.

Time changes; with it most things pass away:
Why you remain no sober man can say.
In mercy, bard, renounce your vernal sway,
Or print your laboured lines on April's opening day.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Joseph Conrad, whose first book, "Almayer's Folly," attracted so much attention, has published this week a very striking novel, "An Outcast of the Islands" (Fisher Unwin). It forms a kind of sequel to his earlier story. Almayer reappears, and we leave him at the end discussing the problems of the universe with a naturalist, both speakers in an advanced stage of intoxication. The "outcast" is one of the most unpleasant characters we have ever met with in fiction. His name is Peter Willems, and when the novel opens he is confidential clerk to Messrs. Hudig and Co., of Macassar. He steals his employers' money, deserts his wife, brings misery of the worst kind on himself and on everyone who crosses his path, all the while retaining a kind of inane belief in his own capacity and future. As his wretched career develops, the reader hates him more and more, and, when a bullet-wound ends his pitiful existence, we feel as if the earth were well rid of a monster. There is, in fact, only one character in the book for whom one can feel the faintest sympathy—the sea-captain Lingard. The setting is indescribably sordid and dismal. The natural beauty of these islands of the Indian Ocean is darkened by the wickedness of men. The analysis of character is subtle, and there is, on every page, the unmistakable note of genius. The pictures of Lingard's sea-life are full of haunting beauty. But the book is steeped in gloom, black, unrelieved, and starless.

One of the most readable books of the spring is certainly "A.K.H.B.'s" "The Last Years of St. Andrews" (Longmans). It embraces the period from September 1890 to September 1895, and forms a sequel to the two volumes describing "Twenty Years of St. Andrews." Like its predecessors, this is a book to read at one sitting. No novel carries the reader onward with more absorbing pleasure. It is vexatious to reflect that the narrative has come so nearly to the last pages of the diary; but, in the green old age which one trusts is before the writer, there is hope for yet more of such delightful volumes. The note of the present book is sombre, and few pages are without some reminder that the "last years" have been full of sorrows. Those who have often heard "A.K.H.B." in the pulpit know that one of his favourite texts is "Oh, that I had wings like a dove." Many times in this book the thought recurs. A constant subject of conversation between himself and Bishop Thorold was the question of which would first "be taken." In a touching passage, he tells how he has prepared his last resting-place at St. Andrews. The personal trials of the writer do not, however, obscure his gay and genial humour. He can tell a good story with as much zest as ever—nay, let it be whispered, he can tell the same story two or three times over. Bishop Thorold's desire to recover from his last illness reminds him of "the good old elder who said, in his shrewd way, 'Oor minister aye preaches about goin' to Heaven; but he'll never go to Heaven so long as he can get stoppin' in Drumble.'" Travellers who have waited at Leuchars Junction on their way to St. Andrews will be amused to read that an orator who was pleading at St. Andrews for some charity clinched his argument with the touching appeal, "Why, the very name of your junction here is *Lucerne*."

As in some previous volumes, "A.K.H.B." expatiates with delight on the honours and dignities of the Moderator of the Kirk of Scotland. Twice he tells us that the "Primate" has the solace of being called *Very Reverend* for the rest of his life. He also returns to his favourite subject of the Moderator's lace. "Almost every Moderator wears much lace, which is worth incomparably more than its weight in gold. Macgregor vehemently folded his arms, various times, forgetting his ruffles. Ere he was done, they were hanging in rags, which I fear not even Mrs. Treadwin, of the Close, Exeter, who keeps us smart, could have made anything of. But two sets of lace are always provided." The little things of life interest "A.K.H.B." Readers of

this book must regret that they have never had an opportunity of interviewing him, for he bestows on each interviewer an enthusiastic tribute. Dr. Boyd does not conceal the satisfaction with which he received the request of the Dublin verger that he would read prayers in the Cathedral. Neither was he ill-pleased with the porters at Waterloo, who mistook him for a Bishop, and persisted in calling him "My Lord." An interesting passage is that in which he describes the visit of the Duchess of Portland to the Strathpeffer bazaar. He was astonished to find that her Grace preferred quiet horses. "The horses began to caper about rather wildly, when, in a moment, the lady opened her door and sprang out, with youthful agility, into the middle of a muddy road, which befitted not her stately array." "I was amused," he goes on, "by the number of good men who asked me to introduce them, some of whom had not the faintest claim to it. But I have acquired the power of saying 'no.' And there are few things I detest more heartily than when a pusher tries to force himself upon a person of rank. The person of rank is always politeness itself; that is part of the training. But such a one has afterwards conveyed the real feeling with a frankness which left nothing to be desired." There are a good many passages of this sort, but they mean just nothing at all. At heart Dr. Boyd is the kindest and most generous of men; it is only the superficial reader who may fancy that he nurses small rancours. May he long be spared to Drumble!

In "The Ten Commandments" (Chatto and Windus) Mr. G. R. Sims has given us a series of rather striking short stories. Each illustrates a Commandment, and no moralist could show more graphically than Mr. Sims the Nemesis which evil-doing brings upon the sinner. One of the best tales is the first, which describes how the son of a Baptist deacon rose to be a peer of the realm, and how his ambition and his worship of "other gods" ended in ruin for his house. The stories are interesting and lifelike, and several might be developed into novels.—O. O.

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS.

If the average man in the street were asked to give the names of our judges, he would certainly begin with Mr. Justice Hawkins, who more than any of his legal brethren has caught the public fancy. In some circles he is mentioned in a fashion that shows terror and something like affection as "Old Harry," though the time when he was called "Anging 'Awkins" has passed. By the Bar also Sir Henry is held in something of terror as well as affection—terror because his sense of humour causes him to play practical jokes at times, and because he is a "nailer" if anyone tries to bounce or bamboozle him; and affection because he can be charming on the bench, and is known to be most amiable in private life.

Sir Henry Hawkins was made a judge in 1876, when he was appointed to the Exchequer Division. Had he received the honour a year earlier, he would be Baron Hawkins. When he accepted the five thousand pounds a-year, the salary of the puisne judges, he made a great financial sacrifice, for Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., who took silk in 1858, was earning a prodigious income from his enormous practice. His chief practice and success was in jury cases, and nowadays it somehow happens that he rarely tries a case without the aid of twelve citizens. No judge is so successful as he in making a jury adopt his views. It is to this, and the fact that he more constantly attends the Old Bailey than his brethren, that his reputation as a hanging judge was due; however, if his lordship hardly acted on the maxim that "it is better that ten guilty should escape than one innocent be convicted," no one will pretend that he abused his power or made the guiltless suffer—fewer of the guilty slipped through his fingers than through those of other judges.

Not many of our judges so well appreciate their opportunities for getting amusement as Sir Henry. It has been said that he has cross-examined a policeman into a state of complete obfuscation on matters irrelevant to the case, merely to amuse himself and show a young friend how to cross-examine. It is well known that he was one of the great cross-examiners of the century, and some connoisseurs have declared him to have been an even more wonderful master of the art than the Lord Chief. His innocent little hobby for going to the Derby annually causes much curiosity at the Bar as to the mode he will adopt of getting his outing. As a rule, it is easily managed. There is much speculation as to what would happen if it chanced that he was sitting in Chambers on Derby-day, and had a heavy list of applications. Possibly he might adopt the device of one of his learned brethren, who, under similar circumstances, at about mid-day, caused Martin, the burly door-keeper, to come out and announce that his lordship was going to lunch, and would return to take the other cases. Counsel and solicitors dispersed. Soon after, when the coast was clear, the judge returned, had the list called, and struck out all the cases, on ground of the absence of the parties, and then, his day's work as judge being finished, took his holiday. Of course, this tale may be untrue, but it is commonly believed at the Bar.

His lordship was shrewd enough to be the son of an attorney, and was born in 1817, the year famous for the Hone prosecutions. He is a Bencher of the Middle Temple. His clubs are the Athenæum, St. James's, the Turf, the Jockey Club, and Arthur's. He lives in Tilney Street, Mayfair. Almost any fine morning, Sir Henry, admirably "groomed," and looking wonderfully young and active, may be seen in the Green Park, giving his dogs an airing. If hardly a great lawyer, Sir Henry Hawkins is an admirable judge, and, when he retires on the pension already earned six years ago, the reporters will be mournful.



MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A BRACE OF BAD 'UNS.*

Rogues have ever the heart of the world. There is a charm about wickedness that one seeks vainly in the white commonplaces of the Blameless Life; one respects Arthur of the Table Round, but one loves Jack Sheppard and his thousand brethren. It was very probably this appreciation of the agreeable and fascinating qualities of all Roguedom which prompted that pseudo-blasphemous roisterer of old to exclaim that Heaven might be "O. K." for music, but—the Other Place for company! And, indeed, the Other Place would not be altogether undesirable, if one were sure of having for smoking-room acquaintances there—it would be unadvisable to admit them to closer fellowship—two such admirable knaves as Sir Nicolas Steele and his "gentleman," Hildebrand Bigg, to whom Mr. Max Pemberton introduces us in his new book, "A Gentleman's Gentleman." When one discovers that Sir Nicolas is a blandandherin' Milesian, "one of the ould sort of Bradies," "fond of his pipe and the ladies," and "a most iligant Turk," the possessor of an oleaginous brogue, an empty purse, an elastic conscience, and no more brains than a gentleman ought to have; and when one discovers, too, that Sir Nicky has the national nice taste in strong waters, it is impossible not to surrender *imo pectore*, and give the wicked Irish baronet a niche in our Rogues' Corner. Nor can a place be withheld from Hildebrand Bigg, Sir Nicolas's "gentleman," a villain of Machiavellian sorts, a schemer and a plotter, cold-blooded and calculating, and yet faithful to his salt in a really commendable fashion. With his brains, one wonders how he became a valet, especially as he goes to the pains of informing us that he has no love for cast-offs.

"A Gentleman's Gentleman" is a selection of the adventures, daring, ludicrous, and pathetic, of these two worthies. Seven exploits are recounted, and they are interesting enough to make one wish they were seven times seven, and so full of spirited movement that they evoke from the stimulated reader anathemata on the publishers who have issued this book *uncut*. The first story seems somewhat out of place in a record of villainy, yet it is not to be looked at askance, since it serves to show that Nicky Steele and his henchman have "soft sides" to their natures. It is tragic, and yet one can say of it that it is charming. Lillian More, the pretty actress who lives in a lonely flat in Chelsea, is a distinct creation, as natural as pathetic. She is a true woman, keeping her tears to herself, and showing sunshine and smiles only to her friends. Mr. Pemberton displays a rare reticence in relating the story of her death; indeed, from an artistic point of view, "The Friendship of Lillian More" is the triumph of the book. It is well planned, well written—excellently well—and the pathos is never forced: one cannot read it without a catch at the throat. In an antipodean *genre* is "The Golden Egg," an adventure that promises complications of the order dear to the heart of the elder Dumas, and culminates in an anticlimax so farcical that one is inclined to haul Mr. Pemberton before the High Court of Romance on a charge of treason to his calling. But he is to be forgiven for the sake of "The Great White Diamond," as ingenious a tale of swindling as any in the series of "Jewel Mysteries" which he gave us about a couple of years ago. Being in Paris, Sir Nicolas and Hildebrand stumble on Benjamin King of Chicago, whose hobby is the expensive one of collecting historical jewels. With a fine appreciation of the money-making possibilities of the situation, Sir Nicky desires to sell the millionaire a diamond of note, but happens to be in the awkward position of having to catch his hare before he can cook it. But, with the help of Hildebrand, he succeeds in laying hands on a rare prize in the preserves of Lobmeyr, the Streeter of Vienna, and ultimately in disposing of it. It would be obviously unfair to "give away" the skilful scheme by which the diamond is made to change hands; it is so good that one would have been sincerely disappointed had it failed. And it would

have failed but for chance. And here a word for Mr. Pemberton's private ear (for, despite the knowing deliverances of Miss Marie Corelli; the critic, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, has no other means of communicating with an author than through a public column!). Is it probable that a police so astute as that of Vienna would be content to leave a "trap" in charge of a single officer—a trap for such big game, too? Surely not. But this is doubting the supreme rights of Romance. A story with which no fault can be found is "The Justification of Richard Connoley." Here imagination runs riot. Richard Connoley, a man about town, is taken by a strange being, called "The Raven," to a mysterious house in North London, where he is introduced to wondrous pleasures equalled only in the dreams of the followers of Islam. He is given delicious fruit to eat, luscious wine to drink, heavenly music to charm his ear, and beautiful women to ravish his heart. Among the hours of this Paradise he discovers one for whose sake he would sell his soul, for whose sake he ultimately does sell his soul. The life in this

"Arabian Nights" palace is so delightful to him, that, in spite of seven warnings, conveyed by seven strange one-handed men, he grasps every pleasure as it is offered. The warnings are given in gnomic sayings, which may be transcribed, to show that Mr. Pemberton is (unconsciously, perhaps) a moralist and an allegorist—

Son, who would live must lack.
Son, what is all is not all; and what is
not all is all.
Look not to reap in the season of the
sower.
When the end cometh seek not to begin.
Behind thee is thy future; before thee
is thy past.
Mind not matter if matter be less than
mind.
There is time for all things save death.

(The fifth saying reminds one of Paula Tanqueray's words, "The future is only the past entered through another door.") Richard Connoley disregards all these warnings, with the result that he is carried to a mystic chamber, where he is bound by the left hand to a cube of iron. By his side is a scimitar, upon the scabbard of which is written, in gold, "Free thyself—or be freed." And free himself he does, after what seem days of agony. "The feeling for freedom was becoming stronger; the will to resist weaker and weaker; until at last, as the frenzy took me, I raised the gleaming blade, and, with one powerful stroke, laid my left hand on the stone. I was free; and, as the blood ran, I fell back fainting to the floor. When I regained consciousness, in my own chambers in the Temple, I was lying in bed, with my left hand bound," &c. Another gnomic saying awaits him in a letter—"Son, seek in the East

and thou shalt find." It is not very clear what he is to find in the East, but for that one does not care so much—the story is the thing, and that reads as well as though Poe had written it. The dramatic and sensational are provided in the description of a gruesome Russian duel, the *modus operandi* of which is decidedly original. "You place your men fifteen paces apart, and you draw a centre line seven and a-half paces from each man. At the word 'Fire,' it is open to each party to shoot, or to keep his charge and advance towards the centre line. But when he advances, his opponent must advance; so that, given a couple who really meant business, you might find them shooting each other at arm's-length." What happens in this episode is that one of the duellists fires in the air, whereupon the other reserves his fire, advances until his pistol presses hard against his adversary's breast, and then—but, really, one must not disclose the *dénouement*. The climax leads Nicky to the altar, a fate poetic justice ought to have denied him, while it sends Hildebrand packing to the States, sorrowful but wealthy.

The other stories in "A Gentleman's Gentleman" keep on such a high level of consistent villainy that it is impossible for one to refrain from the wish that Sir Nicolas Steele, Bart., and Hildebrand, his trusty Squire, may foregather again, and collaborate to furnish the world with their unexpurgated memoirs.

Mr. Sydney Cowell contributes some half-dozen admirably spirited pictures. The frontispiece is given above: . W. A. M.



"THE NOBLE OLD MAN FELL HIS LENGTH UPON THE GRASS."

* "A Gentleman's Gentleman." By Max Pemberton. London: A. D. Innes and Co.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE SISTERS.

BY CORA LYSTER.



HE two sisters clung to each other in an agony of distress at parting; yet they had parted many times before. Each wept in her own characteristic way—Ellen, the younger, the married sister, with her long crape veil flung back from her young, Madonna-like brow; Judith, the elder, in her sober, stay-at-home gown and housewife's apron. Hans, the big, rough, brawny, tender-hearted brother-in-law, stood close at hand in the open doorway, awkward, ungainly, clumsy, in his honest endeavour to pacify his wife, and cheer the lonely, middle-aged woman whom they were leaving behind in her cold English middle-class home.

"Promise me, Judith, not to fret," tearfully whispered the young wife, with an exultant pang of joy at the thought of

the young children awaiting her in the big, bare, warm nursery in the far-off foreign home; "promise me you will come to us in the spring. Father has given his permission. Old Martha will look after him. And you need a long, long holiday, after all you have gone through. Look at the photograph Hans has put up in your room. Try and picture us all in the dear old garden. Judith—don't sob so, dear! The children will learn to love you, and call you *Tante*. Hans will teach you German." ("Jawohl!" came in a deep, musical voice from the doorway.) "Then there will be the forest to visit. We will all go to the *Vogelwiese*. You shall learn to be a child again in the dear old German way. Oh dear! I thought I loved England, but I miss— We will pick up our music again, and oh, Judith, the opera! how you will revel in the music! We shall be so happy! Don't cry, Judith."

"Also! chee-er up, *Schwesterchen*," put in Hans cheerily, as he gave his sister-in-law a bear-like hug, and pitifully scanned her white face. "Komm du, in the spring, *der Frühling*" (and there was a world of life and hope and energy and promise in Hans' long drawn-out Teutonic *Frühling*). "We will teach you how to sing '*Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles*'" ("and dam comes England," he muttered graciously). "Ach! die Zeit wird schnell vergehen."

"Oh, good-bye, good-bye!" gasped Judith wildly, distractedly, as she turned from brother to sister again. "Kiss the dear children for me. Write often, Ellen. Hans, Hans, take care of her; she is all I have left."

"Jawohl," replied Hans, fidgeting to be off, fidgeting to get his wife into his own absolute possession once more. "I shall take care of her—*versteht sich*." A pang of pity smote him. He bent his curly head, and kissed his wife's elderly sister on the mouth. Then, in his blunt, decisive way, he placed an arm around his wife's waist and literally lifted her into the waiting hansom.

It careered off wildly to catch the train. Judith stood on her father's doorstep and watched it disappear through a blinding mist of tears. Hans' *Jawohl* rang in her ears. She turned blankly, mechanically, and closed the house-door, remarking, with a hasty word of vexation, that a small parcel had been left behind.

"I will send it on," she muttered. "And I shall see him again in the spring." But her heart made desolate moan. She went into the kitchen, and drew on her white cotton sleeves to protect her trim morning-gown, and proceeded calmly to make a pudding for dinner. But riotous passions were at deadly warfare in her heart. Her eyes glanced blankly around the unresponsive walls of the cosy little kitchen where so large a portion of her restricted life had been passed. Each year of her sister's married life she had had this martyrdom to undergo—to look into the face of the man she loved, to hear his voice, watch his tender care of his young wife—in a word, to bask in the reflection of another woman's happiness while all the time her heart cried out with desperate greed for a word, a look, a crumb wherewith to feed her starved soul.

"I shall see him again in the spring."

And the spring came round. The tender firstlings of the year were pushing their young green shoots through the brown earth. The pulse of life throbbled wildly in Judith's veins. She took to wearing her pretty cotton morning-gowns, since Hans was fond of cotton morning-gowns. She took to brushing her long hair by the hour together.

"Will he send for me now?" she asked herself a dozen times a-day. But Ellen wrote her weekly letter, and, strangely, made no allusion to the promised visit.

"Why do they not ask me to go?" said Judith passionately one morning, as she read Ellen's last letter in the privacy of her own

bed-chamber. "Why does not Hans ask me to go? What is wrong? Something *is* wrong?"

In a fever of impatience Judith sat down and wrote her answer to her sister's letter.

"What is wrong with you, my darling?" she concluded. "Your letters puzzle me. You never mention Hans—and, Ellen, when may I come to you? I am longing for a change. I think I am not well. It is true I am very lonely."

No answer came to this letter. Her anxiety grew torturing. One day she received a telegram.

"Come at once," it ran. It was signed "Hans."

Judith carried her letter to her father's office. "Hans wants me, father," she said, appearing in the doorway with the open telegram in her hand.

"What, what?" asked the old man testily.

"Hans has telegraphed that I shall start at once," returned Judith, stilling the storm that raged in her bosom.

"Do you really care to take this journey?" said the old man selfishly. "You are not a young girl to go—"

"I need a change," interrupted Judith coldly, "and you can do without me. You have Martha."

"It is a very expensive journey," was the old man's remark, who looked a little ashamed of himself as he fumbled with his watch-chain.

"I have my own money," answered Judith freezingly. "May I go?"

"You are your own mistress," said the old man crossly.

"Then I will start at once," said Judith, and her heart gave a great leap. "The house is clean from cellar to garret. The stores are purchased."

"How much money do you want?" asked the old man brutally.

"Not a penny," was the proud reply. "I have drawn my quarter's allowance."

"Pish!—here, Judith, Judith! Damn the woman's independence!" and the old man hobbled after his daughter.

She stood alone on the crowded boat, and curiously studied the motley crowd, with outward eye of curiosity, with inward vision of deep perplexity.

"Why did not Ellen write? Why did Hans telegraph? There is something wrong."

On foreign soil, she mounted to the *Damencoupé* with several of her fellow-passengers, and thus her thoughts ran—

"Why did not Ellen write? Why did Hans telegraph?"

She gazed from the adjacent window upon the unfamiliar features of the country through which she was passing. Strange objects smote her gaze with a sense of unaccustomedness. A strange tongue jarred on her ear.

"I shall never learn to speak German," she thought. And then she thought of Hans, and smiled.

"Hans will teach me. The children will teach me. Oh, the dear little children!"

With a pang she suddenly remembered Ellen. Why was Ellen shut out of her thoughts?

Before she well knew where she was, the long journey was over, and Hans was waiting for her at the carriage-window.

"Oh! where is Ellen?" The words rushed to Judith's white lips.

Hans shook his head, and Judith gazed back at him as one in a nightmare.

"Where is——?"

"Come home," said Hans hoarsely. He looked a shadow of his former self.

"And the children?" broke from Judith's trembling lips.

"The children! *Du mein Gott, die Kinder!*"

"Oh, Hans, tell me the worst! I can bear it."

"Can I talk here?" was the wild answer, and the strong man, broken down by some great blow, glanced nervously about him as he conducted the tired, frightened woman to a *fiacre*.

"Numero 9, Schiller Strasse," and the *Droschke* drove off.

"Hans," began Judith, but the words, "where is Ellen?" died on her lips. She could only gaze with terrified eyes upon the man who sat opposite to her, from whose lips came no voice, only the phantom sound of a groan, now and then.

Arrived at the strange, foreign-looking house in the Schiller Strasse, Judith alighted, and was conducted through a lofty vestibule to the broad, white-stone staircase, which she wearily mounted. They stopped on the second floor, where Hans applied his latch-key, giving entrance to a long and dimly lighted corridor. No one appeared. No Ellen, no servant, no child. Not a child's voice sounded through the apartment.

"Come," said Hans, in a hard, dry voice. He held out a hand, which Judith seized with long, cold, nerveless fingers.

They entered a large and handsome dining-room full of plants and flowers. Here Judith broke down.

"Hans, I cannot bear this suspense! You are torturing me."

For all answer, Hans threw out his hands with a despairing gesture, and dropped into a chair.

"In the name of God, where is Ellen?"

"She is ill—very ill," was the reply.

"Ill?"

"Dangerously ill."

"And you never sent me word?"

"I telegraphed."

"How long—"

"Can you bear a great shock, a great blow, Judith?"

"Anything is better than suspense. Hans, Hans, Ellen is dead!"

Judith started to her feet wildly, Hans hid his face in his hands.

"Dead!" said Judith wonderingly, "dead!"

"Dead," repeated Hans, in a hollow voice; "I killed her."

"Killed her? Oh, my God!"

"Oh, my children!"

"Where are the children?"

"With my parents. They have not been home since—"

Judith passed her hands over her face, and tried to think. A thought of fearful, diabolic joy flashed across her mind. The next moment she stood appalled at her own treachery.

"I must see Ellen!" she cried, rushing to the door. Hans overtook her, and drew her back to the couch.

"Judith, I must tell you all. It is a sad story. I am a guilty man. I have murdered my wife—no, no, not in your sense. Morally I am guilty. I have robbed my children of one of the best of mothers. The home is empty without her. I loved her—before God, I loved only her! I was faithful to her, indeed. But—"

"Go on," said Judith hoarsely.

"We have—we had"—and the man shuddered as he corrected himself—"we had a *Fräulein*, what you call a governess—no, a—"

"Nursery governess," suggested Judith.

"Ja, ja—a nursery governess, a *Fräulein*; she took care of the little ones when they came home from school. Ellen—my wife liked her. *Die Kinder* loved her too. She was"—and again Hans shivered, and turned white to the lips—"schön, beautiful. She was Austrian, and—and I admired her."

"Yes," said Judith, with a terrible voice; and the demon of jealousy possessed her heart.

"I admired her. All people admired her. But I swear before God that I was innocent of infidelity to her—I—I had only kissed her that once."

"Once," echoed Judith, and she rubbed her white, wan hands slowly together.

"Ellen came into the room and saw me kiss her. I stood a guilty man. Ellen thought me guilty of the worst. I was guilty of that one kiss—of that one moment of passion—of no more. I swear it! I swore to Ellen. She would not believe me. She upbraided me. There was a terrible scene—a terrible scene! I was mad—mad with shame and rage—mad to think that Ellen scorned me—called me a liar to my face. Yet I had not lied. Life without her love seemed too intolerable—and then happened a fearful thing."

"A fearful thing," echoed Judith.

"I had a bottle of bromide of potassium in my pocket for my experiments. I wished to die—ja, ja, I was a coward. I could not face Ellen's scornful eye. I thought of this bottle and drew it forth, and would have drunk of it, but Ellen saw me. She rushed upon me, and in the struggle the bottle was broken."

"The bottle was broken," muttered Judith.

"I know not how it was. I cannot remember. I shall never remember—it was too awful. Ellen stooped and picked up one of the pieces of broken glass, and, before I well knew what she was doing, she had sucked the poison out!"

"My God!" groaned Judith.

"Before I could reach her she had dropped to the floor, shrieking, 'Hans, Hans, help me—help me!'"

"My God!"

"It was too late. I could not help her. When I took her in my arms she was already dead."

"Dead!" whispered Judith in seared tones.

"And my children were motherless. I had robbed them of the best of mothers. I am a murderer."

"Where is that—woman?" demanded Judith.

"Gone. I sent her away after the inquest."

"Inquest?"

"Ja—the—what you call coroner. He knew my father. My father used his influence."

"And the children?"

"Half an hour after I had killed her, they came in from school calling, '*Mutter—Mutterchen!*'. And there was no mother to welcome them, only a miserable father."

"What did you tell the children?"

"I said there had been an accident. I told the servants that their mistress had taken a wrong medicine. She was not well. Oh, Ellen! Oh, my unborn child!"

"Was it so?" asked Judith brokenly.

"Yes, it was so."

And Judith was silent, still possessed by a devil—an inhuman joy.

"Will you see her?" asked Hans, presently.

"No, no, no!" and Judith shrank back affrighted at the sight of the guilty image in her mind's eye. "No, no, not yet, Hans."

"You need not fear. She is very calm, very sweet, very beautiful."

"I must think," said Judith wildly. "May I go to my room?"

Hans rose, and conducted her to a room on the opposite side of the long, dim corridor.

"I will send one of the maids to you; you would like—tea?"

"Yes, anything. Only let me be alone for a little time," and Judith unceremoniously closed and locked the door in his face.

Hans turned away with a sigh, and went back to the dreariness of the empty dining-room, where he began pacing to and fro, his hands clasped behind his back.

At four o'clock the two children came home from school. There was a sudden cry of "*Vater, Vater!*"

Hans opened the door of the dining-room and his arms.

"*Tante Judith* is kom," he said in a whisper to the two pale, depressed children, who clung one to each of his arms.

"I want mother," sobbed little Johanna.

"Hush, hush! *die Mutter schläft*," said the elder in an awe-struck voice; and she wrapped both arms round the sobbing child.

Hans drew the children within the room, then took them upon his lap.

"Johanna must be a good little girl, then she will meet mother again one day," whispered Hans in despair.

"Shall I?" asked the child, stilling her sobs bravely. "Shall I really, father?"

"Ja, mein Kind."

"And will she live with us again?"

"*Jawohl*!"—and a great pang of pity smote the man of unbelief as he uttered the lie.

"Then I will be good," sobbed the child quietly, and she laid her flaxen head on her father's broad chest.

The darkening room was very still. Only the great clock ticked. Presently a maid entered to prepare the evening meal and to light the lamp.

"*Wo ist die Tante?*" asked Ellenchen suddenly.

"Let us go and fetch her," said Hans, with a dismal attempt at cheerfulness. The three sorry figures made a pathetic group, as hand in hand they turned out of the dining-room and stood without the door of Judith's bed-chamber.

"Judith!" called Hans.

"Call her *Tante*," said one of the children.

"*Tante!*" called Hans again.

"I am coming," answered a voice.

"The children are here waiting to welcome you."

The door was suddenly opened, and Judith appeared.

"And are these the children?"

Judith took them tenderly into her arms and kissed them in her softened mood, thanking God for the relief of tears.

"Oh, Hans! they are not like Ellen."

"Mother is coming home again soon—father says so," whispered little Johanna.

Judith took the child in her arms, then set her down again.

"I have not seen Ellen," she said, with a look at Hans.

"Go into the dining-room, children, and wait for father."

The children obeyed. In their black frocks and white pinafores, with their flaxen hair falling to the shoulders, holding each other's hands as they went, they appealed irresistibly to Judith's better nature.

"Poor children!" she murmured. "Will you let me stay and take care of them, Hans?"

"It was for that I sent for you," said Hans simply. "Now—I will take you to see Ellen."

They walked to the far end of the long corridor, now lighted by a rose-shaded lamp. Here Hans produced a key, with which he opened the door of the room sacred to the dead.

On the threshold Judith paused.

Reverently Hans drew her within, then softly closed the door behind them.

The room was full of twilight and moonlight. The windows were open. There was no furniture to be seen, nothing but a white bed and the indistinct outline of a recumbent figure reposing beneath a snowy sheet.

Side by side stood brother and sister-in-law, looking down upon all that remained to them of the whilom happy wife and mother.

Reverently Hans stooped and turned back the sheet.

Then came a low, gasping cry from Judith's lips.

"Ellen—oh, Ellen!"

Hans knelt and bowed his head on the bed, stretching out his arms over his dead wife's statuesque form.

At the sight of his bowed head, a wave of supreme tenderness swept over Judith's tortured heart. Her hand groped its way to the curly blonde locks. Torn by grief and human passion, she looked first upon the dead, then upon that bowed form, the incarnation of manly strength.

Presently Hans rose to his feet.

"Will you not kiss her?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Oh, I dare not!" said Judith wildly; "I dare not; I am not good enough."

"Vel—what am I?" said Hans miserably.

Judith stooped, and tenderly kissed the white, cold brow, the poor, dumb mouth, with its cry of mortal terror, "Hans, help me!" frozen upon it.

"Is there any sorrow like this?" said Hans, suddenly breaking down into strong, agonised sobs. "I have lost both wife and child, and I shall never find them again."

"Oh, hush! Have you no faith in God—in a future life?"

"None," came with a groan from the miserable man's lips.



MISS ELLAS DEE, OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"Then how can I comfort you?"

"You cannot comfort me. I do not want comfort; I want my wife."

Judith's tears fell fast. She was a young woman once more, playing the part of mother to Ellen, a child of ten.

It was dark when the two issued from the chamber of death, Hans shivering with an ague, Judith distracted by her own guilty thoughts.

"We will have the stove lighted," said Hans, as the children leaped to meet him. The table was spread for the evening meal, the samovar was hissing, and a maid stood at hand to wait.

There was a moment's sickening pause. Hans glanced to the empty chair at the head of the table. The two children stood with bowed heads and hands clasped reverently before them, waiting for the evening grace. In the background waited the maid.

"Judith," said Hans miserably, and Judith, imitating the children, walked to the empty mother's chair, and stood with folded hands.

In silence the sorry party of four seated themselves. Then came a sob, a cry, and little Johanna made a rush to her father's arms.

"*Wo ist die Mutter?*"

Bending his head, Hans took the child on his lap, hid her face in his coat, and hushed her with the tenderness of a woman.

The meal proceeded. Judith sat as one in a dream; the food choked her. She sipped her tea (especially prepared for her) gratefully. Little Johanna remained on her father's knee taking tiny bites out of his great hand. Ellenchen, self-contained, pale, and resolute, sat, the image of sorrow ruthlessly, courageously repressed. Hans ate with his elbow on the table, his head sunk upon his hand.

At eight o'clock the children, obeying a look from the maid, rose, and wished their father good-night. Judith went with them to hear them say their prayers in English. Then she returned to the dining-room, where Hans sat alone.

Time passed. The golden summer was come. Little Johanna had learned to laugh again, but Ellenchen still was grave and pale. The child had adopted a quaint, grown-up sisterly air towards her little sister. Hans, too, was out in the busy world again, gathering grist for the mill. Judith kept house. The torturing pangs of unrequited love tore her heart. She felt herself dragged two ways by the giant forces of love and duty. Now she stuck heroically to her post, fighting the bitter fight. Now she would seek the blessed privacy of her room, where the storm would pass.

Hans was blind, preoccupied, busy, taciturn, irritable, jealous for his motherless children, watching over them and their interests with almost tigerish love. One day Judith timidly proposed a change.

"I want no change," was the surly answer, and Judith's heart quivered again.

Then came financial troubles, and the breakdown of all Hans' hopes. He rushed into the dining-room one morning exclaiming—

"I am a ruined man! My children are beggars."

With white face Judith tried to comfort him.

"I have money," she faltered. "Take it. You give me a home."

Hans turned and looked at her in blank amazement.

"Do you think I would allow my children to eat the bread of charity?" he thundered, and Judith quailed under his flashing eye.

His parents, his brothers, his many friends rallied loyally around him. But Hans' proud spirit was broken. Fretting, too, had done its work. The sight of his motherless children seemed daily torture to him. At last a day came when Judith rushed into the kitchen, exclaiming, "Martha, you must go to the doctor at once!"

Then ensued an hour of fiery temptation. The children were at school. The maid was out. Judith flew to Hans' bed-chamber and bent over his head. She kissed his hair, his eyes, his moustached mouth; she fed her sick and hungry soul on stolen kisses, wrapped her arms about the unconscious man, laid her grey head on his brawny chest. Then she sank on her trembling knees, and prayed a wild, incoherent prayer that God would spare the life of the man she loved for the sake of his helpless children.

But Hans never rallied. A day came when the children were left orphans and Judith desolate.

Judith went back to her English home. The children were cared for by their grandparents.

HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

XX.—OUT OF THE FASHION.

"How shall I tell her?" the man said to himself, on his way homeward. "How the devil shall I tell her?"

He reached his house at Tufnell Park, entered as usual, and found the customary quietude, the familiar atmosphere of well-being, of security, of order. There would be guests at dinner this evening; he must keep up his countenance till he and Mary were alone and the house hushed.

Mary met him at the head of the stairs; her wonted smile, her silence that was all-sufficient. He asked after the baby, and received a word or two of satisfactory information. Then Mary smiled again, and passed on to dress for dinner.

It was a pleasant evening, and such as they often enjoyed. Only two friends, people of their own standing, well-to-do but unpretentious. Mary's music, always a great resource; her husband's thoroughly good-natured, far from brilliant, talk. No niggardliness, no display. Mary

knew how to manage these things. Then they were alone, and the night before them.

"Mary, there's bad news. I may as well out with it at once; but it's the hardest job I ever had in my life."

No exclamation. She stood, with nerves strung, and looked steadily at him. Assuredly it was not a pleasant thing to make known. Appointed, a year and a-half ago, manager of a department in a great house of business, Claxton had fallen short of the expectations of the firm. The appointment, to begin with, had surprised as much as it delighted him; he knew that he owed it to personal favour; the head of the firm, an amiable old gentleman, friendly to him since his childhood, had given him this great chance. And, for a time, not unnaturally, Claxton seemed to rise to the demands upon him. He was an exultant man; the advancement had enabled him to marry; great happiness lifted him above himself. But his old patron very soon died, and Claxton soon became aware that the new order of things was not quite favourable to him. Month after month he had struggled hard, allowing no one to suspect his mortifications and his fears. Now the blow had fallen. He was under notice to resign his position, and—what would become of him?

He told it in a few shamefaced words, the mere humiliating truth; to his wife he could not do otherwise. And Mary drew a sigh of relief.

"Oh, I thought, from your face, it was something dreadful."

"And don't you think it so?"

"It's very hard for you, dear."

There was silence. Then they talked things over as quietly as usual. And for many days the conversation was resumed, always cheerfully on Mary's part, until at length a resolve had been taken.

The Claxtons left London, and began a new life in a Northern town. Mary had now a much smaller house, and much more to do in it. Her second child was born. Happily, she had not been brought up in the world of limitless leisure; she was not very highly educated, though native intelligence made her seem superior in that respect to her husband; when it became necessary to lay aside books and music, and to do much of the work which servants had hitherto done for her, the spirit was willing and the flesh did not fail. Her smile lost nothing of its sweet loyalty; her words—weighed as women's seldom are—had all the old quiet cheerfulness.

Then Claxton received at the hands of destiny his second chance. He was enabled, and encouraged by Mary, to begin business on his own account. He looked up once more, recovered the note of hopefulness. When a third child was born to him, he felt justified in removing to a better house. And Mary's music presently sounded again.

But in secret he could not trust himself, and, as time went on, he had more and more reason for the heavy countenance, the long, dark broodings, which he carefully concealed from his wife. Upon fear followed rashness; then came the second, the more grievous, downfall.

Again in a strange place, and in poorer circumstances than she had ever known, Mary shed about her the light of home. She had now to battle for her children's future. The father might do his best to earn their livelihood; upon the mother lay a more difficult duty. Hers to guard them from the degrading effects of manifest poverty; to foster, by ceaseless thought and imaginative effort, the self-respect of the little ones; to hold their minds above the slough of base necessity; to supply from the riches of her own heart so much that the world denied. The help of one servant—often enough hindrance rather than help—was all she could now afford. Her strength failed not, but it was more severely tried than her husband ever imagined. No merry holidays; no social relaxation; once a year, at most, the brief change of air without which her children could hardly live. Work of the hardest, the most exhausting to mind and body, from early morning till the hour when her husband came home. But evening was sacred. Mary knew that man cannot live by bread alone; not hers to brutalise the bread-winner by denying him his hour of mental rest. She could not play to him—there was no piano; but sometimes she sang, keeping her voice very low and soft, that the sleeping children might not be disturbed.

She bore another child, but it only breathed and passed away. Then Mary lay in the valley of the deep shadow, and for many days her husband was chill with fear. Once, opening the Bible as he sat by her bedside—but only for his own comfort, as Mary could not hear—he came by chance upon the last chapter of Proverbs, and saw the words—

"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

Then the man's strength was broken, and his head fell, and he choked with sobs.

It passed. Mary again moved about the house, shedding the light of home. Again she taught her children, and toiled for them, and did not lack her reward. Slowly Claxton's position was once more improving; he had no brilliant prospects, but, as the years went by, things needful came to him in larger measure. The children could attend a good school, and the eldest of them, a boy, could presently be put in the way of a not too humble life. The lad knew whom he should thank for advantages far greater than fall to the lot of many rich men's sons.

"Now, don't trouble about me any more, mother," he said, not long after. "If I ever give you a day's anxiety that I can help—well, just look straight at me, and I shall know what to think of myself."

She sits there, with thin face, with silent-smiling lips, type of a vanishing virtue. Wife, housewife, mother—shaken by the harsh years, but strong and peaceful in her perfect womanhood. An old-fashioned figure, out of harmony with the day that rules, and to our so modern eyes perhaps the oddest of the whole score of human odds and ends.

HOW TO TRAIN PERFORMING DOGS.

SOME PROFESSIONAL SECRETS REVEALED.

It is related that an old barrister once remarked to a young gentleman who had just been "called" that there were three essential qualifications for success at the Bar. "What is the first?" eagerly asked the neophyte.

"Know solicitors."
 "What is the second?" "Know solicitors."
 "And the third?" "Know more solicitors."
 Similarly it may with truth be said that there are three essential qualifications for success in training performing dogs, and these qualifications are "patience," "patience," and "more patience."

Children, who are great patrons of performing animals generally, imagine that the latter are the aristocracy of the canine race, distinguished by natural genius from the comparatively dull and stupid dogs of everyday life, and that they go through their astonishing tricks partly for their own glorification, partly out of a benevolent desire to surprise and please those who come to see them. Of course, this is merely one of those pleasant illusions of childhood which we do not regret until we are old enough to wish ourselves young again.

The intelligence of dogs is notorious, but if the trainer trusted to that alone he would run a great risk of failure. It has been found by experience that it is useless to allow a dog to suppose that the tricks

which he is to learn are merely play. The first use a dog makes of his intelligence is to refuse to do things which he does not like, and though at first he may find the tricks suggested to him amusing, and may perform them with pleasure, there quickly comes a moment when they bore him, and the habit of obedience is not strong enough to overcome his disinclination.

Consequently the trainer must

establish such mastery over his pupil that the risk of capricious refusal shall be altogether eliminated. This, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, cannot be done without a certain amount of cruelty doled out to the dog—a point on which you should consult the April number of

the *English Illustrated Magazine*, where some startling revelations will be made as to the cruelty shown to performing animals. Theoretically, the trainer need not reward his pupil with cakes and other tit-bits, though it is the custom of some trainers. By dint of extraordinary patience and evenness of temper, the trainer goes on repeating the tricks hundreds of times over, until at last the dog does them with an automatic exactness. By the time the animal is fit to appear in

public, his reasoning faculties—for want of a better phrase—are, so to speak, in abeyance, and he goes through the required movements by sheer force of habit, aided, of course, by memory and the fear of the whip. If anything unexpected happens during the performance, the dog is always put out, and is obliged to begin all over again, for he could not pick the thread up again where he left off.

This mechanical exactitude is obviously essential for public performances.

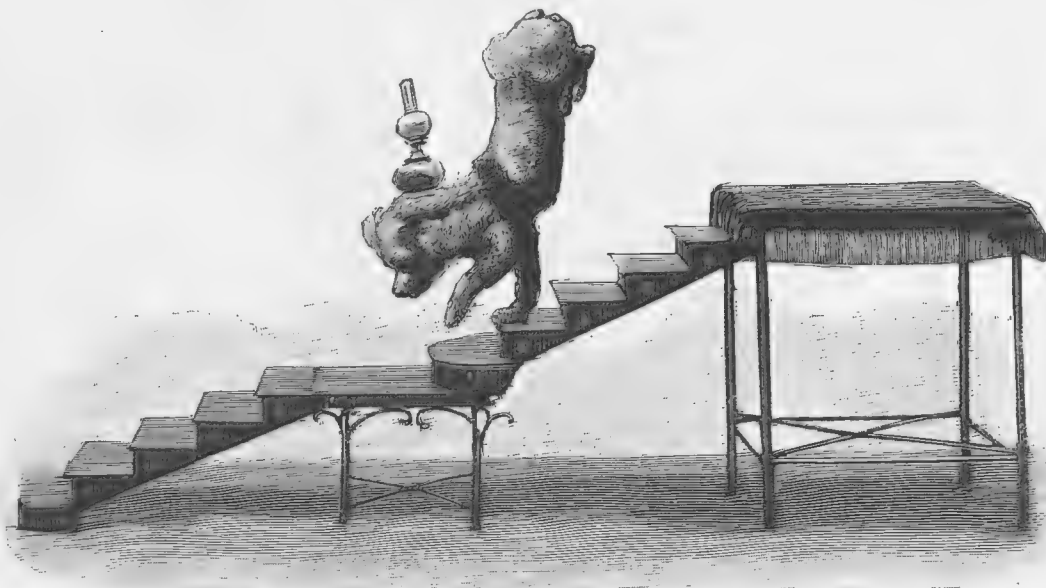
A dog can be taught to walk

upright on his hind legs, to balance himself on a bottle, to stand on a ball and roll it along, to do high kicking, and so on, but there are some tricks he will never learn, some things he will never understand. He

will never understand the difference between a safe and a dangerous leap. He must, therefore, be put by force into the series of positions which he has to take up. And they must be repeated over and over again, until ultimately, at the word of command, he goes through them accurately all by himself.

Training may, therefore, be said to be a compromise between persuasion and force, directed to the attainment of that mechanical accuracy already mentioned.

Madame Doré, of the Alhambra, has trained a dog as a serpentine dancer so thoroughly that if she strikes a match in his presence he immediately rises on his hind legs and begins his steps. A bright light is so intimately associated in his mind with the dancing of which it is an



invariable accompaniment that it causes his brain to set his muscles in motion just as the word of command does.

This explanation of the true theory of training may seem to be contradicted by those wonderful exhibitions of dogs who play cards, spell out words, and do other things which apparently cannot have been arranged beforehand. But the truth is, that such performances are not so wonderful as they seem. There are many devices for making a dog stop and indicate the card which he ought to play or the letter on which he should put his paw. For instance, under the carpet on which he stands there may be little pedals or buttons, and the dog would feel these slightly raised under his paws when he came to the right card. It only requires patience to train the dog to act in a certain way whenever he feels this pressure.

Many other tricks which seem to be so marvellous are, on the other hand, due to certain instincts and faculties which dogs possess, but which are denied to mankind. Thus, the gift of finding things which have been hidden, even in pitch-darkness, and the power of finding their way home even over roads which they have not travelled before, are often utilised by clever trainers in such a way that the trick performed appears to the audience a clear proof that the dog possesses an absolutely human degree of reason.

Man's best friend certainly has an extremely well-developed intelligence, and an excellent memory; he is also capable of conjuring up mental pictures of objects he has seen before, as well as of perceiving associations of ideas. But no dog can be said to possess reason in the proper sense of the term; they have, rather, a certain sharpness of intelligence which breaks out by fits and starts, but are not capable of exhibiting this sharpness of intelligence in a sustained manner.

A trainer is always obliged to rely, in training his dogs for performances on a stage, on certain exercises which become automatic by dint of constant repetition, instead of trusting to the higher grades of intelligence of which the dog is only capable at intervals. The most popular kind of performance with the general public is that in which the dog goes through a variety of fancy tricks or clownings; of the latter a great favourite is that in which the trainer, ostensibly urging the dog to jump over a barrier, pretends to be greatly annoyed when the animal proceeds to evade the command by getting underneath, or passing in any way except the right one. This supposed independence of the dog invariably brings down the house; and yet it is not really more difficult to teach an animal to sham than it is to make him acquire an ordinary trick. The public also laugh when they see that, while the trainer is making one animal go through a number of exercises, another dog goes through exactly the same gestures behind the trainer's back.

The canine serpentine dance produced by Madame Doré is an exceedingly clever idea admirably carried out. Miss Loie Fuller's latest rival is a dog named Dick, who made his début at a *première* at the Théâtre des Nouveautés in Paris. It was the first night of a *revue*, "Paris qui Passe"; a marvellous little figure, Salome, suddenly appeared on the stage, dressed in a shimmering silk robe. A pause, and then a cry ran through the theatre, "Why, it's a dog!" And so it proved to be, for this strange dancer had a little beard under her chin, and her eyes glittered eerily under her flaxen wig. The orchestra played Miss Loie Fuller's waltz, and clever little Dick began to dance in time to the music, and to manipulate the delicate drapery in which he was enveloped, while the limelight threw on it the most brilliant iridescent tints of red, blue, and violet. He made an effective exit by turning somersaults to the wings, cleverly gathering together his drapery so that it should not interfere with his actions. Madame Doré trained him by a method analogous to that used in teaching dogs to box. She began with fitting little bracelets, hung with bells, to his front paws, and once he had learnt to move in the right way it became comparatively easy to accustom him to the drapery. Madame Doré has yet another marvellous performing dog in an extremely well-educated poodle, a canine Hercules, who lifts dumb-bells of twenty pounds' weight, and who concludes his performance by taking up in his teeth a cannon, which goes off with a tremendous report while he stands calmly on his hind legs. Hercules has companions who waltz on their front paws, while at the same time they balance lighted lamps on their heads. That is, at present, the last word of the trainer's art.



MR. STEPHEN CRANE.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE."

There has been much said and written of late on the paucity of new literary lights in America. We point to England, and count the Kiplings, the Barries, the Crocketts, Weymans, Hopes, and other young men who have come suddenly to the front, not to mention the older ones who have come with equal suddenness—Mr. Du Maurier and Ian Maclaren. What is the matter with us, we ask, that we are so far behind in the race of brains? No satisfactory answer is given, and we satisfy ourselves by looking backward, and talking of the Concord group, and of Washington Irving, Prescott, and the rest. I do not mean to say that we have no new writers, for we have had some good ones. I need only mention the names of Miss Wilkins, Mr. H. B. Fuller, and Mr. Richard Harding Davis to prove this; but we have not had such a crop of them as you have had in England, nor has their success been made so quickly: it may, however, be more lasting. Who shall say?

In the last few weeks we have had a sensation, in the sudden success of a new author, Mr. Stephen Crane, whose "Red Badge of Courage" has taken England as well as America by storm. *The Sketch*, by the way, has the distinction of having been the first among English papers to publish any of his work. Mr. Crane has been known for the past four or five years to a handful of people, among them Mr. W. D. Howells, who is generally regarded as his literary godfather, notwithstanding the claims of Mr. Hamlin Garland for the honours of that office. When he was eighteen years of age—he is but four-and-twenty now—Mr. Crane wrote a novelette called "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets." This, I understand, was declined by several publishers, and finally published by the author, over the pen-name of Johnston Smith. Only a few copies were printed, one of which fell into the hands of Mr. Howells, the other into the hands of Mr. Garland, both of whom spoke enthusiastically of the young writer's promise rather than of his performance. The book was crude and coarse, for the language put into the mouth of Maggie was that of the Bowery or "tough" girl. The story was not, I believe, in the erotic vein of so many new writers, but was objected to by the few besides Mr. Howells and Mr. Garland who read it on the ground of its bad language—language that has since become very popular from the lips of "Chimmie Fadden," Mr. Townsend's "Bowery boy." Bad language from a boy is one thing, but from a girl it cannot be tolerated. Mr. Crane is now revising the old edition, and touching it up here and there. I beg that he will let someone touch up the grammar when he has done with it. Although Mr. Crane attended a college and, later, a university, he graduated at neither, preferring baseball to study.

Both of Mr. Crane's parents are dead, and he lives with a brother on an estate of some 3500 acres in Hartwood, Sullivan County, New York. He dislikes to work now as much as he disliked to study when at college, and prefers horse-riding over the mountain roads to any other pleasure.

In the February number of the *American Bookman* are some "lines" by Mr. Crane, which, while they are not poetry, are strong and original. They are in answer to those persons who argue that war is a good thing for a people. Mr. Crane prints his lines in capitals, which, if you pardon the pun, does not constitute him a capital poet—

WAR IS KIND.

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.
Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky
And the affrighted steed ran on alone,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,
Little souls who thirst for fight,
These men were born to drill and die.
The unexplained glory flies above them,
Great is the battle-god, great, and his kingdom—
A field where a thousand corpses lie.

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.
Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,
Raged at his breast, gulped and died,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Swift blazing flag of the regiment,
Eagle with crest of red and gold,
These men were born to drill and die.
Point for them the virtue of slaughter,
Make plain to them the excellence of killing
And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button
On the bright splendid shroud of your son,
Do not weep.
War is kind.



MR. STEPHEN CRANE.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



FRESCO PORTRAIT OF DANTE AT THE VATICAN.

ART NOTES.

Mr. J. W. Laidlay, whose collection of pictures of "Brittany and the Norfolk Broads," at the Dowdeswell Galleries, has created so wide an interest in the art world, was first known among artists as one of the



SMATRA WATERFALLS, FINLAND.

most energetic supporters of the New English Art Club. On his return to London he was elected chairman of the Club, and he has exhibited with it until two years ago, when he finally retired, owing to its no longer being conducted on the original lines. About four years ago the members of the N.E.A.C. gave Mr. Laidlay a dinner in the Queen's Room at the Holborn, that they might in some degree acknowledge the trouble he had taken on their behalf.

Mr. Laidlay is a native of Calcutta, and was educated at Loretto, a school very much devoted to athletics, and for many years he has been one of the shining lights of cricket annals. He went up to St. Peter's, Cambridge, and captained the eleven from his first year. He took his B.A. and his LL.B. in 1872, and was called to the English and then to the Scottish Bar, practising at the latter for some six years. During these six years he was captain of Scottish cricket—that is, captain of Scotland—and played in many of the great North v. South matches.

All his life Mr. Laidlay has been devoted to drawing and painting, and even while practising at the Bar had shown and sold several pictures, but it was not till 1880 that he finally decided to take up art as his profession. Going straight to Paris, he entered at Julian's, but, unfortunately, the

close life of the studio was too much for him, and he was so ill that he practically lost his first year's work, and the next winter he decided to enter the studio of Carolus Duran, working all the time at the Beaux-Arts in the afternoon. At Duran's he remained for two years, and returned to Julian's to pay special attention to his drawing. There he became a pupil of Bouguereau, and, after some months of hard work, came to settle in London.

We must content ourselves this week with a general reference to the new show of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, reserving details for a future occasion. There are some six hundred contributions to the exhibition, and it may safely be said that the yearly average is fully maintained. Mr. Alfred Parsons is charming with his customary flowers, gay and golden; Mr. W. Simpson is twice most meritoriously represented; Mr. Peppercorn has at least one masterly landscape; and Mr. Nisbet is at his best in a scene which may be briefly described as the aftermath of the sunset. Here, too, are Miss Kate Greenaway, tender and attractive; Mr. Fulleylove, careful and architectural; Mr. Cotman, and Mr. Gregory. We shall return to the subject next week.

The National Gallery becomes, month by month, richer in its possessions. The Rev. Jarvis H. Ash, of Tunbridge Wells, has just bequeathed to it a picture of "The Crucifixion," by Spinello Aretino, which has been placed among the Early Italian pictures in the North Vestibule, at the top of the principal staircase. Another picture of still life, by William K. Heda, has been presented by Mr. Henry T. Pfungst, and will shortly be hung in Room No. XI. A little battle-scene by Jacob Weier will also shortly find its way among the Dutch pictures. Jacob Weier, a disciple of Wouverman, is not very well known in England. The work has been presented by Sir Augustus Wollaston Franks. We may also mention, in connection with the work being done in the National Gallery, that a supplementary catalogue of the pictures acquired since the publication of the last editions of the Foreign and British catalogues, up to the end of 1895, is in the press, and will be on sale at the Gallery itself at the beginning of April, for the small sum of one penny.

How many more Quarterlies are coming forward to enlist our attention and demand our praise? The *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*—no longer "savage and tartly"—we have known and loved; but what of Mr. John Lane's *Yellow Book*? What of Mr. Beardsley's *Savoy*? What of Messrs. Geddes' *Evergreen*? What of Messrs. Henry's *Pageant*? Are these not enough that we should now possess in the land another quarterly, Messrs. Virtue's *Quarto*? The editor apparently thinks that, indeed, there are already enough, for he acutely observes, "We cater for none; our aim is to produce a good artistic volume." And so, carefully premising that this editor caters for nobody, we are bound to add that he has produced a charming volume, bound in cloth, well printed, well illustrated, and, for the most part, well written. It contains a Leighton study, sketches by Mr. Clausen, by Mr. Pennell, by Mr. Hayward, by Miss Woodward, and by many others of note, and by some not of note. Altogether, an admirable book, of which we need only say, *Prosit!*



SCORING FOR SAND-EELS.—J. W. LAIDLAY.
Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.



MISS MARION MORRIS, NOW PLAYING IN "THE CHILI WIDOW," ON TOUR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

"ON 'CHANGE," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MILLIE PECK (MISS GWENDOLEN FLOYD).



IRIS (MISS EWERETTA LAWRENCE).



PROFESSOR PECK (MR. FELIX MORRIS) AND MOUSER (MR. J. WELCH).



MRS. BURNETT (MISS ENID SPENCER BRUNTON).



MRS. BURNETT AND MR. DE HAAS (MR. E. H. KELLY).



TOM (MR. SCOTT BUIST), DE HAAS, AND JOE (MR. YORKE STEPHENS).



PROFESSOR PECK, MRS. PECK (MISS ALICE MANSFIELD), JOE, AND MISS PECK.

ARTISTS' MODELS AND THEIR CALLING.

LESS ROMANTIC THAN "TRILBYISM."

"An artist's model! How dreadful!" says Madame Grundy. "How Bohemian! how romantic!" says somebody else. And neither party hits off the truth. The simple fact is that the artist's model follows an



A GOOD HEAD.

Photo by Nesbitt, Notting Hill Gate.

occupation which is as humdrum, as much on a dead level of wage-earning, as you like. It is a business, just as type-writing or dressmaking is a business; a calling by which a humble enough livelihood is earned, often a mere beggarly existence.

True, there was colour in Trilby's life, colour, and movement, and passion; but such romances as hers must, like a complete picture, be painted from many models, one sitting for one characteristic, another for another. Now and then an artist may marry his model—and, indeed, such matches have turned out very happily—or a sympathy of souls may be engendered. But that is apart from the average drudgery of being an artist's model—that belongs to every region of life;

and really, to sum up, the calling of a model is about as commonplace and unromantic as that of a kitchen-maid or other domestic servant.

These observations (a *Sketch* interviewer writes) are the result of an endeavour on my part to ascertain the actual facts of this subject. Some day, no doubt, there will be a trade union of artists' models in London—why not? and including both men and women, of course—but at present, so far as I could hear, there is no organisation whatever. By that, I mean not even a generally recognised organisation through which artists in want of models may find them, and models find occupation. Models are simply recommended by one artist to another; or artists' colourmen, as a convenience to their customers, keep a register of models. At all events, Messrs. Rowney, the well-known colourmen of Oxford Street, have such a register, and I have been seeing them. A representative of the firm good-naturedly took me in hand, and introduced me to the true world of the artists' models.

"You see that painting there," he said, pointing to a picture of a child with fluffy hair; "why, it was drawn from the model of a little girl whom you will now find a titled lady in Debrétt. I might give you the name, and it's one which everybody would recognise, only where is the need? Artists are always glad to have good child-models, and, like thoroughly good grown-up models, the supply of them is not so great as the demand."

"Then are good models really scarce, meaning female models who make artistic pictures?"

"I fancy the perfect model is hardly known—that is to say, the

model from whom an artist could literally paint the ideal he means his picture to be. To begin with, a woman may have a fine figure, but she may not have the least idea of how to pose gracefully. With all the natural beauty of her figure, it may even be impossible for an artist to teach her how to pose. Grace and the artistic sense are largely inborn, and, anyhow, they are most easily acquired in extreme youth. That is why models who have been at the business almost from their cradles make the best subjects; why the professional model rather than a late-comer is most useful to an artist. There is an art within an art in posing for a painting, just as there is an inner art in doing so many other things."

"Physical attractions alone don't make the finished material for the painter's brush?"

"There must be physical attractions, an elegant figure, beautiful hair, and so on; but also it is necessary to know how to pose. As illustrating the difficulty of getting satisfactory models, take the case of the portrait-painter who seeks thought in a face. Now, thought in a face is one of the most difficult of qualities to get. Before you can find it at all, you obviously must have a woman of some mental qualities, of education, even of accomplishment. Again, pretty hands in a model are much sought after by artists; nor are they easy to get. Hands may be shapely, but badly kept, and a woman may not know how to keep them, or not be in a position to be able to take care of them. I need hardly tell you that to find a model with really pretty feet is about as hard as to find a woman with thought shining in her face."

"These are the reasons—the impossibility of finding various qualities in a single model—that make it necessary for an artist to paint from several models for the same picture?"

"Quite so. For the neck in one case, the bust and head in another, the limbs or the hands in a third. You know, a woman may look singularly handsome in a new costume, and yet, when tested by the artistic standard, be much lacking in physical beauty. Somebody—I don't mention my authority—has declared that modern women are a short-legged, long-backed race, that modern civilisation has sadly removed them from the classical type of female beauty, where you have the longer limb and the shorter body. I'm afraid that remark has to be made about models in the average; and, indeed, if it is true of the women of our time generally, it must be true of any group or section of them. I venture to say, if you were to take a dozen women, without distinction, you would find that ten of them were artistically out of proportion. This is very dreadful, but it is absolutely true."

"Now, from what classes of society are models drawn?"

"Well, there is the model I mentioned already, who has been brought up to the business as a child. Then the ranks are recruited from the theatre-chorus, from the dressmaking-saloon—from many quarters. A girl who has her living to earn thinks she may be able to do so this way; and she tries and succeeds, or she tries and fails. We often have girls come in here—respectable, well-dressed girls—who are anxious to become models, and will we put their names on our list? Once, I recollect, an Irishwoman made application to be entered, and she was not very sure where the difference lay between being painted in drapery and in the nude. Some models belong to the higher classes—people who have seen better days; and some, when they sit, are always accompanied by a companion—a sister, a mother, a cousin."

"Are the female models in London mostly English?"

"Some are foreign—French or Italian, perhaps—but the great majority are English; and, as to remuneration, it is a shilling an hour. That is the average rate for sittings; but, no doubt, some artists pay higher, and, if she sits at all, a model will never get less than five shillings. That is for private sittings; and then, at the different art schools, where a model has to pose for a class, a sitting of perhaps two hours is paid for at three-and-sixpence. For a new model to go and apply for sittings at an art school would mostly be a waste of time, since only those are accepted about whom something is known. I mean that a model must be recommended as being satisfactory for such and such a kind of study, the head; the hands, whatever it may be—all this must be



A GOOD POSER.

Photo by Turner and Drinkwater, Hall.



A GOOD LIMB.

Photo by Colliere, West Drompton.



MISS FANNY WARD AS BLANCHE LINDSEY IN "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER," NOW ON TOUR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

known from some artist to whom she has sat before she is put on the school list. There is no time at schools for making experiments."

"I have not asked you yet about men-models—who are they, where do they come from?"

"They are Italians, Greeks, Frenchmen, and when English, oftener than not, old soldiers. Broken-down gentlemen sit as models—men who have run through everything; in fine, a man-model may have been anything. I have in my mind an old fellow who spends a good deal of his time in the workhouse when he is not sitting as a model. The recommendation of men-models needs great care—and, moreover, men of striking individuality or good physique rarely turn to sitting for artists. Most of the best men-models have some other means of income; an Italian may keep an ice-cream stall or a sweet-shop. Among the Academicians, an all-round man who can clean brushes, palette, &c., and do odd work about the studio, and pose when called upon—such a man is often an institution employed at regular weekly wages."

"You could not, I suppose, tell me how many people there might be in London who make a livelihood by sitting as models?"

"It's quite impossible to say; it's even impossible to guess. Models are a very changeable lot—a fluctuating folk, here to-day and gone to-morrow. So much so is this the fact, that it is often difficult to find them when they are wanted. They may have found some other employment—a place in the chorus of a pantomime, a situation in a shop, whatever it may be. As you will have gathered, the absolutely professional models—those bred to the calling, those who stick to it alone—are only a part of all who sit for pictures. Many have their regular occupations during the day, and sit at the schools at night only, while others merely sit now and then. Artists' modeldom is a tangled, uncertain little world—a world without organisation."

"Have you, in your experience, ever heard of ladies being anxious to sit as models simply that they might be painted—as an escapade?"

"I'm afraid that is not a common occurrence, first, because a woman is not likely to turn model unless she has her living to make by doing so, and second, because she might not, anyhow, prove a good model. As for relatives sitting for an artist—for the hands, the head, the face, a draped picture—that is a different story. But as to the romance which one hears about the artist's model, why it is mostly the creation of those who don't know any better. An exceptional case? Perhaps. Nelson's Lady Hamilton was painted full-figure at least once. But that's long ago."

And with this our talk ended.

THE PARISIAN MODEL.

It was on one of those delightful autumn days (writes another contributor) when the Tuileries Gardens and the trees of the Champs Élysées were putting on tints of russet, crimson, and gold, though the air was still balmy, that I had the privilege of a chat with Mdlle. X., who, once a favourite girl-model at Julian's, has been painted by half the best-known artists of the nude in Paris.

Come for "le afternoon tea," her little note making the appointment had said. And so, about four o'clock, I made my way to the quiet by-street where she had taken up her abode, near enough to her sphere of work for convenience, and yet somewhat removed from the veritable model quarter.

Up two flights of stairs, on the summit of which I was met by a neat little maid, who showed me into Mademoiselle's boudoir-like sitting-room, and then a wait of ten minutes spent pleasantly enough in looking round.

On the wall opposite the window hung a magnificent carbon enlargement of a photo of Mademoiselle by Reutlinger. This was flanked by "impressions" in oils, of Mademoiselle by two celebrated artists, one sketch showing her attired as a dainty Parisienne, with a big "flower" hat and a *chic* parasol, the other as a "Baigneuse," toying with water-lilies on the brink of a sunlit pool. There were other photos and pictures on the walls and upon what-nots, and a pretty Japanese cabinet standing in one corner. On an inlaid table were albums containing photos of other models, and one containing engravings from Salon catalogues, the "Salon Illustré," and like publications, of pictures in which Mdlle. X. figured. I was glancing through one of the latter when the door opened, and the maid entered bearing a tea-tray, and closely followed by her mistress.

"Good afternoon. I hope you have not become tired of waiting," said the latter, seating herself in a low divan-like chair.

Mdlle. X. was clad in a loose tea-gown of pale-mauve silk, which clung to her in exquisite folds. Short elbow-sleeves, with black lace ruffles, disclosed her beautiful arms, and a low neck more than a hint of the perfectly modelled shoulders about which Paris has raved. Of more than average height, her complexion is faultless and glowing, and her hair of the natural shade of gold so rarely seen. Perhaps I kept my eyes upon her too intently, for she suddenly moved slightly, and then said, with a laugh—

"Am I terribly shocking?"

"Mademoiselle is—Mademoiselle," I replied, after a pause, smiling.

"And being so, she has no need to be dissatisfied."

"Your compliment is so delicate that I might think you French. But what do you want to know?"

"When did you become a model?"

"A great many years ago."

"You are joking!"

"Not at all," she continued. "You see, my mother was a model, and

I became one at the age of about two. You need not look like that. It is perfectly true. If you doubt it, look up at the ceiling of the Hôtel de Ville, and you will, doubtless," with a laugh, "recognise me as a saucy-looking Cupidon. You see, I came of a 'model' family, and early in life helped to earn my living. Here is a portrait of my mother," reaching for an album; "is she not beautiful? She died three years ago."

I was forced to admit that the adjective was not undeserved.

"She had a most lovely figure, and I remember how I used to pester her," added Mademoiselle, "when I was growing up, as to whether I should be perfect enough to sit for the whole figure."

"You wished to?" I queried. "You know, people who object to the nude often assert that girls are either forced into sitting for the figure or drift into it from force of circumstances."

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Mademoiselle. "Of course, it was my ambition. You see, to sit for the whole figure is an admission that, at least, you approach creditably near perfection in form. Well, it does not require me to assure you that a woman is pleased to know this. There are far fewer models who are able to do so than you would be inclined to suppose," resumed Mademoiselle, pouring out another cup of tea. "Of course, many single-figure studies are painted from several models—one for the feet, one for the hair, another for the arms and bust, and so on. You know the story of Bonet, who had such a success with a 'Psyche' a few years ago? A connoisseur who purchased the picture for fifteen thousand francs said jokingly, 'Monsieur, I should like to marry your model.' To which the artist replied, with a smile, 'Monsieur, then, must emigrate to Turkey; for, to do so, he will require to marry five pretty girls, and one ugly one who supplied the feet.'"

"When did you first commence to sit for the figure?"

"As a woman, when I was about sixteen, though I had many engagements long before that age for child-studies—attending Julian's, among other classes. I used then to obtain about three francs an hour, and if you only knew the agony—till one is used to it thoroughly—of posing in one position for even ten minutes at a time, you would agree with me that it was poor enough pay."

"And now?" I ventured to ask.

"I, of course, never pose to schools or classes, and I do not care to pose at all for less than twenty francs an hour. Often I get slightly more."

"What was your first success?"

"I had to wait some year or more before I appeared on the Salon walls as a single-figure subject, my first appearance there at all being in a picture depicting 'The Judgment of Paris,' with two other girls, and a good-looking 'Paris,' of course. I remember that he showed so plainly his intention of awarding the apple to me that the other two were furious; and, at length, things came to such a crisis that we were obliged to pose separately—an awful bore, in one way, for the artist. My first appearance alone was as 'A Bather,' which gave rise to that *jeu d'esprit* over there by another artist."

There were two drawings in one frame; underneath one, a rough reproduction of the original picture, on a small scale, was written "Mdlle. X. in Paris." Underneath the other, depicting Mademoiselle very wasp-waisted and attired in a very elaborate but decidedly scanty bathing-costume of blue, was written "Mdlle. X. at Trouville."

"You do not approve of the corset, evidently, Mademoiselle?" I suggested.

"Of the corset, yes; but of tightly laced ones, oh, no! Mine merely fit my figure accurately; they are laced with elastic, and made especially for me, so as to only support my torso, and can do no possible harm. I should soon ruin my figure if I drew myself in. Artists frequently tell me of nicely formed girls who come to them seeking work, but have so ruined their figures with corsets that they are quite useless as models. One has to be very careful, I can assure you."

"They are not the rackety creatures generally supposed, then?" I remarked, knowing what the answer would be.

"Certainly not, as regards the *élite* of the profession, and, so far as I know, also not as regards the majority of the others. *Par exemple*, one must not eat too much, or one loses one's figure; one must also take a proper amount of exercise, walking or riding being best; one must not drink too freely, or one's eyes are spoiled and one's skin coarsened; one must not keep too late hours, save very occasionally, or one's eyes, face, and skin soon tell the tale. Oh, indeed! I can tell you a model has to live a healthy life, or she would find her services less in demand."

"An artist, if he be a real artist," Mademoiselle said, in reply to my next question, "treats his models with courtesy and consideration. They are for the time objects to be painted. The woman is lost in the art. Why should it be otherwise? He has probably studied in the life-schools, and a nude woman is no more unusual to him than a woman without a hat in the streets. Constant association with such has served to educate him. I have only once in my career had an indignity offered me. The result, I refused to pose again, and, the fact becoming known, for nine months the artist failed to obtain the services of a single model of standing."

"You have sat to many artists?" I said, after condoling with the speaker on her adventure, and rising to go.

"Very many. Among others, MM. Bouguereau, Gervex, Rochegrosse, Duran."

"Your greatest annoyance?"

"Discovering ill-painted ten-franc panel nudities something like myself in the shops of the Rue de Rivoli. It is not considered correct for a well-known model to be reduplicated in that way."

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



MATRIMONIAL AGENT : Well, I think we can arrange something without much difficulty; but we shall have to state your age.

APPLICANT : Oh ! twenty-eight.

MATRIMONIAL AGENT : 'Er—couldn't you knock off a few years ?

APPLICANT : Oh ! I've done that already.



DE JONES : I hear you're going to marry Miss Smith. Congratulate you on your good taste.
BROWN : Oh, no ! that's all off. Not going to marry at all.
DE JONES : Congratulate you on your good sense.



CURATE : Ah ! it is not the body that most needs looking after.
SHE : No, I know it isn't. It's the skirt.



"I tried to kiss her last night. But I wonder why, when I gave up trying, she said I didn't know how?"

SIGNOR ARDITI.

When Signor Arditi told me that he was entering on the fiftieth year of his professional career, and that he was about to publish his reminiscences, I begged him (writes a representative) to allow *Sketch* readers to be before the rest of the public in hearing something of his eventful life. "I will tell you about it with pleasure," he said; "but there are many little anecdotes that I must, in justice to my publisher, forbear to talk about yet." From this and other conversations with the veteran composer, I have set down extracts, without attempting a biography, or insisting on chronological order, as there would be no excuse for dullness in dealing with a life so full of interest as his.

"It was in the year 1846 that I started in Piedmont," he said, after telling how he obtained prizes at the Conservatoire, "and I conducted, rather later, at the Teatro Rey, in Milan, a house second to La Scala. I played the violin then, and came into possession of a real Stradivarius. I'll tell you how it was. I signed an agreement to go to Cuba with Bottesini, and play there, and I went to say good-bye to my patron, the Duc Antonio Littea, who was a lover of music and the possessor of some magnificent instruments. I had played on this particular 'Strad.' before, and when I went to him, and said I had no violin to go away with, he gave me the one I had played on in his palace. Many years after, I returned to Italy, and played again before the Duke. 'Ah,' he said, before I brought out my violin, 'I suppose you have parted with the 'Strad.'?" When I showed him the familiar instrument, and told him how it had been my companion on all my travels, I believe that, for the first time, he was pleased to have parted with it."

"You talk about your travels," I said. "Are they very extensive?"

"If you will except Norway and Sweden," replied the maestro, "I have been all over Europe, as well as America, and have played or conducted in St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Vienna, and other capitals. It was in Vienna that the famous Johann Strauss paid me a very great compliment. He said that when he wanted to ensure a crowded house he advertised that he would play my 'Il Bacio.'"

"How did that come to be written?" I asked.

"Almost by accident," said Signor Arditi. "One evening, when Her Majesty's Opera Company was in Manchester, there were three or four of us in the Queen's Hotel. I sat down to the piano at somebody's request, and commenced to ramble through little fragments by different composers, stringing the selection together as I went along, and now and again improvising. Suddenly Piccolomini, who was one of the party, asked me where I got a certain passage. I said carelessly, 'Oh, it's nothing,' and went on playing, but she stopped me. 'It is very charming, maestro,' she said; 'play it again.' I did so with some difficulty, and then, as they all liked it, made a note of the passage in my book, and thought no more about the matter. About a year later I had promised to write a song for Piccolomini to sing at Brighton, and had forgotten the promise. When I was reminded of it at the last moment, I was taken entirely by surprise, and forced to look through my MS. book, when I found the old passage and worked it up. I then showed the music to a friend, and asked him to write the words. He said he would do his best if I would give the song a title. Madame Arditi suggested 'Il Bacio' (The Kiss), the words were written, and you know the rest. Rossini paid Madame Arditi a compliment on meeting her for the first time. 'I now understand,' he said, 'why your husband wrote "Il Bacio."'"

"It was very charming of him," remarked Madame Arditi, who was present when her husband told me the story; "and Rossini could be charming when he liked, although at first sight he was rather terrifying, and had a brusque manner. I recollect hearing that, on the death of Meyerbeer, a stranger came to him and asked to be allowed to play a funeral march he had written to commemorate the sad event. Rossini listened unmoved to the performance, and then dismissed the composer, remarking drily, 'What a pity it is that you should not be dead and Meyerbeer write the funeral march!'"

"But Rossini was a charming man," cried Signor Arditi, "and so kind. He used to say to me, 'Arditi, come to me whenever you like, I will always see you.' And I used to go to his study and find him busy

composing, and refreshing himself with snuff. Sometimes he would sit down to the piano and play exquisitely, and I am sure that he took no trouble to preserve some of his compositions. I knew them all, Verdi, Gounod, Ambroise Thomas—all charming, but Rossini was a delightful man." And he showed me an autographed photo with a passage of music written on the back. It was a passage for the *cor anglais*, which conductors are apt to alter because of the difficulty it gives to the particular instrument. Signor Arditi refused to alter it, and Rossini wrote it down for him as originally conceived.

"How about your American experiences?" I said.

"They are too long," he pleaded, "to talk of at the moment. I should want at least a book to tell you of my life with Her Majesty's Opera Company, and how we took opera into the North and into the South, to people who had scarcely heard good music before, and who paid enormous prices to hear Madame Patti sing. We went into all parts in the times when the huge cities of to-day were scarcely more than villages, and when civilisation was not nearly so advanced as now. It was a time of great triumph, and there was a constant change of scene and surroundings; but the work was very hard, and the anxiety was very great. We always kept up to the best traditions of our work, and did our best to deserve the success we obtained; but the tours in America have been too many for me to go into details here. The difficulties of pleasing everybody are great at the best of times, but when it comes to prima donnas—" and the maestro shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"Come," he said, on another occasion when I was in his house, "see my souvenirs." Then came a hurried glance through albums containing photos of all the great singers of Italian opera; letters from all sorts and conditions of men and women, whose names will live with the century; dozens of caricatures, including the original by Pellegrini that appeared in *Vanity Fair*; boxes full of newspaper-cuttings, presentation plate, decorations, wreaths, and garlands, with the Italian national colours in broad bands of ribbon; medallions, orders, and, in short, so many tributes that it seemed as though I was examining the collection of a collector rather than the gifts to a single man.

I could write more of Signor Arditi or of his charming wife, whose memory and happy knack of telling a good story well would amply qualify her to edit her husband's biography, were she so disposed. If I refrain from so doing, it is because I might trespass unduly upon the interesting matters that will soon be placed at the disposal of the public.

MISS FANNY WARD.

Miss Fanny Ward, the bright little American actress who is now appearing as Blanche Lindsey in "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," on tour, came "to this side" only on a pleasure trip, but, meeting Mr. George Edwardes, she was persuaded to remain, or rather, to return home and arrange her affairs to re-return. This arrangement was made when the production of a piece at the Gaiety, with an American leading part in it, was imminent, but the illness of Mr. Brookfield altered all that. Rather than remain idle, Miss Ward made her London debut as one of the bevy of pretty girls who helped to establish the popularity of "The Shop Girl." However, she soon saw that that young lady was in for a long run, and felt that she would not be satisfied to be merely beautiful for ever, so she gladly accepted an offer made her by Sir Augustus Harris for three years. Before she came to England she had been known in the American theatrical world for some three or four years, and had served under Messrs. Daniel and Charles Frohman, Augustus Pitou, David Henderson, and Henry E. Dixey. Then her best parts were of the soubrette type, though she made her first big hit as Cupid in "Sinbad," also scoring in a caricature of Miss Marie Tempest in "The Fencing-Master," and as one of the daintiest of Cinderellas that ever lost her slipper. Miss Ward's accomplishments do not end with acting, for she is a clever reciter and a talented artist, her pretty flat in Victoria Street giving very practical evidence of her labours with her brush, for it is almost covered with most effective tapestry paintings, an art she has learnt from her mother, Mrs. Buchanan. The flat is entirely American, all the furniture, fittings, and draperies having been sent from her home in the States, for they are the pride of both mother and daughter, who are quite satisfied to be surrounded with the best of everything; and though they like London and are "having a real good time," they still think that luxuries come to us by sea.



SIGNOR ARDITI.

Photo by Robinson, Dublin.

THE LAND OF LOTHAIRE.

Recent events in Africa have put the Lothaire affair out of the public mind, but the murder of Mr. Stokes is by no means forgotten. It was all brought back to my mind the other day (writes a *Sketch* representative), when I met a well-known missionary who has lately returned to this country after nine years in the Congo Free State. He entertains very strong views regarding the hanging of Mr. Stokes, which he characterises as the most brutal of murders.

"The appellation 'Free' State is a libel upon the name of freedom," said this gentleman bitterly. "I knew Captain Lothaire very well when he was Governor of Lulunga, and I entertained no admiration for him. Neither did the natives, by whom he was held in fear and detestation even in a land where all the Governors of districts are held in awe."

"Then, what is your direct impression of *l'affaire Stokes*?" I asked.

"That Lothaire was quite unjustified in his murderous act. The plea that Stokes was engaged in 'arming' the natives falls to the ground utterly when it is recollected that he was trading to them useless old weapons, possible only for show. On no legal or moral grounds can the killing of Mr. Stokes be justified."

"What is the position in regard to the Congo Free State at present?"

"Oh! more than one of the several companies that were floated for exploiting the Congo country and its products are moribund. A commission has lately left Belgium to report upon the condition of things, but I doubt whether its report will ever be made public. The greatest brutality involved in the 'government' of the country arises out of the trade in indiarubber, which is paid for at the Belgian rate, or not paid



CAPTAIN LOTHAIRE DESCENDING THE CONGO.

for at all, as the case may be. Towns are constantly raided, and the inhabitants forced to go into the bush and collect the indiarubber. If they won't do so, they are shot down."

"And what is the logical outcome of all this?"

"That the wretched people fly in large numbers from the south bank of the Congo, which is Belgian, to the north bank, which is French. They will, however, steal back by night in quest of provisions, and then they are shot. I knew one town, or village, where no less than *one thousand eight hundred and ninety* of these unhappy creatures were slain in a single 'battle'—or, as I should prefer to call it, a *battue*—for sometimes they will try to defend their lives and property. The soldiers who commit these massacres are usually black men officered by whites."

"But don't the missionaries ever protest?"

"Of course they do. I once went to the *commissaire* of the district in which I was working and threatened to report the state of affairs to Boma, the capital. They thereupon threatened *me* with expulsion; but, of course, the condition of things must be known at Boma, if not winked at. Yet the missionaries, I may tell you, are doing excellent work, both the British and the Americans. The people readily 'come in,' and I have absolutely known a thousand converts to be made within one week."

"Then what about the future of the country?"

"By the Treaty of Berlin, the Congo Free State reverts to France in 1898. The few inhabitants who know about this are very keen for the change, naturally. In some districts, successive raidings have left them in such utter poverty and destitution that repeated cases of starvation have occurred. Simply because a man, the head or sub-head of a district, thought his food was not cooked properly, he shot his man- and woman-servant dead. They went through the form of a trial, and he was fined a hundred francs, in compensation for which the Boma authorities promoted him."

"Yet the country itself is lovely, I suppose?"

"Yes, the scenery is magnificent, but the climate pestilent. One doesn't take much heed of the country, though; it is the wretched people that excite all one's emotions. If only something could be done to ameliorate their lot!"

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The dispute—already growing milder—between the United States and Spain on the subject of Cuba has, at any rate, given rise to one of the choicest absurdities of the century. Undergraduates are generally boyish, and American "college boys" are younger than students in Europe; but a more childish thing never was done by any student than the solemn burning or hanging in effigy of the King of Spain—unless, which is improbable, the students supposed to have performed this act merely intended to throw ridicule on the whole Cuban movement. Of course, no importance attaches to this childish insult to a crowned child; but, as one of Rudyard Kipling's characters remarks, "Haöw paltry!"

The recent revelations concerning the surrender of "Dr. Jim," while they possibly detract from his reputation for desperate valour, also throw rather a shade on the open and guileless honesty ascribed to "Oom Paul" by Radical journalists and others who don't know him. Some of these latter, in a perfect agony of partiality, have tried to prove that, in spite of any letters passing between Sir John Willoughby and Commandant Cronje, the surrender was unconditional. But this is bosh. Either a British officer forged the notes that passed, or the surrender was conditional on the lives of Jameson's force being spared. The mere fact of instructions from the Government at Pretoria to insist on unconditional surrender, or of objections to the terms by Cronje's superior officer after the surrender had taken place, did not entitle the Boers to disregard any conditions to which their officer may have agreed. It has often happened that a subordinate commander on the field or besieging a town has granted the enemy terms of surrender of which his superiors or his Government disapproved; but it has always been held that the superiors of the officer granting terms were bound either to carry out those terms or to replace the capitulating force in as good a position as it was when the surrender occurred. The latter, however, is generally impossible; for, though the hostile garrison may be put back into position, and given back all food and ammunition in its possession at the time of surrender, the besiegers will have gained one important advantage—a thorough and accurate knowledge of facts at which they could only guess before.

The Boers are, perhaps, no worse than other races, and President Krüger than other rulers; but when some people make him out a sort of stained-glass angel, it is proper to remember that, if he had only kept his promises of reform, there would never have been any chance of a raid on him. When immigrants began to stray into the Transvaal, naturalisation was a matter of a year's residence, the country not then being attractive. When gold-diggers first flocked in, five years' residence was made the legal term, and this was fair enough; but before the five years were out for any considerable number, the law was changed so as to require fifteen years' residence, and the satisfying of many almost impossible conditions, before the Uitlander could acquire any influence over the government of the State. He was allowed to have a vote for an assembly that could do nothing; but this was merely a blind. Now, if such an arbitrary change in the law of naturalisation, made so as effectively to shut out from the franchise those who came in on the faith of the former law, be considered honest, it is hard to say what can be reckoned bad faith.

It is no use for the Boer advocates to object that, if the Uitlanders do not like the laws of the Transvaal, they can leave—or to state that, in spite of all oppression, they make money—or to hint that they are not valuable citizens to any State. Such as they are, they were invited to come and develop the mines; they were promised just and equal treatment; their industry has saved the Republic from bankruptcy, and now enriches it with a large income; and in return their money is taxed from them and spent on forts and guns and German mercenaries to keep them down. If this sort of thing is to be defended by those who affect to inherit the Puritan spirit, then Hampden and Eliot died in vain. The possible faults of the Chartered Company, even if demonstrated, do not make the Boers angels of light. That Krüger has behaved about as well as the other Boers would let him, is doubtless near the truth; that his best amounts to any very lofty standard of honour, is what we may have leave to doubt.

But not only public personages, but private men—and women—have, at times, curious notions of what is legitimate and honourable. Some literary men of my acquaintance have lately received type-written communications—the address also typed—calling their attention to a certain book just published, in which laudatory notices of themselves are to be found. One of these literary men has had the curiosity to read the work in question—I do not think he bought it—and found that the opinions expressed concerning himself and others were very far from laudatory. Now, we are used to the ways of the amiable individual who sends his friends anonymous and abusive letters, or newspapers with unpleasant passages scored round; but it would seem a lower depth still to inveigle a man by a misleading notice to purchase an attack on himself. If the writer of the book were also the typer of the notices (and it is to be hoped that such is the case), would not the unwilling purchaser be entitled to prosecute for obtaining money under false pretences? To sell a man a libel on himself by a false statement that it is a eulogy, looks to me rather like an indictable offence. Except that law does not concern itself with the infinitely little.

MARMITON.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The first-class Bills of the Government have not been very speedy in making their appearance. Last week was singularly uneventful as far as legislation was concerned. Parliament met late, and yet there has been no attempt to get forward with the really important measures of the Government's programme before Easter. There is something wrong about this, and I cannot honestly say that Mr. Balfour's leadership is remarkable for activity. The new Rules were sprung upon, not merely the House, but the Party; and nothing much seems to have come of them yet. Mr. Balfour must really "buck up a bit" if the Government is to impress the country with its strength. It is all very well to have a big majority, and to have revised Procedure in such a way as to minimise the chances of obstruction. But unless the Cabinet think that the country wants nothing done, a little more vigour will have to be shown if business is not to get into arrear. As it is, things are exceedingly backward with a view to the passing of the Appropriation Bill before Easter, and Supply has had to take up nearly all the available time.

A SPLIT IN THE CHURCH PARTY.

It is very difficult to form a "group." The Church Party was a new group formed to fight the Welsh Disestablishment Bill of the last Government, but it has already found a bone of contention among its own members. Lord Cranborne's Benefices Bill, which was read a second time on Wednesday, was strongly supported by the Home Secretary on behalf of the Government; but its opponents, instead of being prominent Nonconformists, were no others than Colonel Sandys and Mr. Foster, two keen Evangelicals; while, outside the House, an active agitation against the Bill has been organised. Some amendment may have to be made to meet the objections of these critics. An alteration of the law is undoubtedly wanted, so as to put a stop to some of the scandals connected with the sale of advowsons, and the persistence of incapable parsons in retaining their livings while hopelessly incompetent. As Lord Cranborne says, the Church can only resist Disestablishment by setting its own house in order. But it will not do for the High Church section to take no notice of the Evangelicals. Lord Cranborne's rather indiscreet remark, that a scandal in connection with a clergyman drove his parishioners "into dissent or into infidelity altogether," has been very irritating to the Nonconformists; but something more conciliatory will have to be done to remove the objections of Colonel Sandys and Mr. Foster. A great surprise, by the way, was in store for the former in the vote on Sunday opening. Colonel Sandys and Lord Warkworth (in a capital maiden speech), who stood up for Sabbatarianism at any price, were beaten hip and thigh.

THE ASHANTI DEBATE.

Mr. Chamberlain had rather a trying time during the Ashanti debate, and he stood it well. The Irish members were competing with one another as to which should sympathise most with poor, innocent Prempeh, who had been treated with no respect whatever, and made to kiss the English General's boots. On the other hand, Mr. Dalziel, a young Radical who attempts to make up in impertinence what he lacks in brains, professed to be very indignant about Mr. Chamberlain's humour in reply. The Colonial Secretary had ventured to state that Prempeh's dignity had been completely satisfied by an increase in his allowance of spirits; but Mr. Dalziel's Scottish blood revolted at this "insult," and he declaimed, in his courtly way, against the "Disraelian smile" with which the right hon. gentleman stood "straining to catch a small point, like a corner-man on a Christy-minstrel platform." Meanwhile, the great cry which roused the Opposition to cheer spasmodically, was anything remotely alluding to Armenia, and Mr. Swift MacNeill, biding his time, managed most adroitly to compare the Turkish Ambassador with Messrs. John and Albert Ansah, the alleged "envoys" now awaiting trial for forgery and larceny. Altogether, a very silly and rather discreditable evening.

RADICAL DISSENSIONS.

No wonder Sir William Harcourt takes every opportunity to jeer at a supposed disunion in the Unionist Party. No wonder Lord Rosebery tries to find matter for comment in the fact that Cabinet Councils are not thought necessary for every official decision in any Government Department. The crisis in the Liberal Party has refused to be hushed-up, and the quarrel between the Radicals and the Leaders, and the Harcourt and the Rosebery groups, has become more acute than ever. Lord Rosebery can count on his side the Peers of the Party, Lord Ripon and Lord Kimberley, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman remains faithful. But it was noticed that the ex-Premier markedly called them his "loyal" colleagues at the National Liberal Club dinner, at which Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley were conspicuously absent. The fact is, that the real Radicals can't stand Lord Rosebery at any price. A Leader in the House of Lords is absolutely useless to an Opposition which can only concentrate itself in the House of Commons under its natural spokesmen there. Lord Rosebery has had much in his favour, but, if Sir William Harcourt keeps his health, the betting is on him. The nominal dispute about the Whips and the National Liberal Federation is not nearly so important a matter. The difference, simply on points of policy, between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt is fundamentally so great that an open breach would not be any surprise. As a platform-speaker, Sir William Harcourt is as superior to Lord Rosebery as he is better-placed in the House of Commons to lead and reorganise the Opposition, and thus has a distinct advantage.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The Government are not prospering with their business. The new Rule, so far as it can be defined at all, is in operation, but the wheels of the legislative chariot drag more heavily than ever. Supply was never more backward; we hear nothing of Bills, such as they are; and a certain air of slovenly ineffectiveness reigns at Westminster. I fancy the true inwardness of this strange delay and strange mismanagement is that the Government are not united. I hear stories—and stories of this kind generally have a foundation—of differences between the Unionist and the Conservative members, and, indeed, the slights which are continually offered to Mr. Chamberlain in the Conservative Press, and of which one hears many echoes among the rank-and-file of the Tory Party in the House of Commons, cannot but seriously prejudice the Cabinet as a working machine. There is a certain inevitable and very sharp contrast between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain in character, temperament, and training, and in mental and moral habit. The two men, so far as their personalities are concerned, could not be more different. Mr. Balfour is a clever, refined, scholarly, gentlemanly metaphysician; Mr. Chamberlain is a sharp, pushing, go-ahead, hard man of business. Then there is the great difficulty arising from Lord Salisbury's self-dependence, as well as from his autocratic methods. He is, I think, making a sad mess of our foreign policy; he has hopelessly given away our case over Siam, and he has succeeded in producing the most muddled, inaccurate, and feeble defence of our Venezuelan case that has ever, perhaps, been given to the world as a State document of the first importance.

A CONFLICT OF POLICY.

Then, again, there is the inevitable conflict of policy. The Unionists have, no doubt, departed from their old Liberal faith, but they have not altogether given up the idea of treating Ireland more or less on lines of equality with England. This is precisely what the Tories—heavily bound, as they are, to the Orange faction—cannot and will not do. An instance of this came out in the debate on the Belfast Corporation Bill, where an effort was made to secure some faint approach to justice to the Catholic inhabitants of Belfast, who are excluded from all office or representation of civic power by a steady and unscrupulous system of jerrymandering. Against this the Unionists, and the more honest and enlightened among the Tories, set their faces. Mr. Courtney denounced the existing system with a will, and it was clear the better sense of the House was opposed to it. Again Mr. Gerald Balfour made one of the many blunders which have already disfigured his career as Irish Secretary. He would accept no compromise, he would make no advance, and after his obstinate and unfriendly speech the Government went to a division, with the result that their huge majority of 150 was reduced to 55, practically the entire Unionist Party seceding.

THE AMENITIES OF DEBATE.

Things are not being mended by the tone of the utterances from the Treasury Bench. An unhappy instance was Mr. Chamberlain's speech on Ashanti. Mr. Chamberlain came down after dinner, clearly not in a good temper, and the Radicals were, perhaps, not too conciliatory. But there was no excuse for the contemptuous business, the angry insult of Mr. Chamberlain's reply. It is a pity that this able man, who has shown himself so right-minded over the Transvaal business, allows his tongue to run away with him. He gained nothing, either for his Government or for himself, by his Thursday night's display. The Radicals got furious, a fierce storm arose, hot recriminations were poured out, and, finally, the whole Irish beyond-the-gangway party settled themselves down to a determined and prolonged Feast of Obstruction, which kept the House sitting till far into Friday morning. No Government can afford to war against the amenities of the House.

THE DIFFICULTY OF THE OPPOSITION.

Things, indeed, would be very much worse for them if the Opposition, in its turn, were free from difficulty. But this is not the case. The war made by the members of the Radical Committee, led by Mr. Labouchere, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Stanhope, and a few others, has, for the moment, been stamped out by Sir William Harcourt's intervention. It is not improbable, I think, that there will be some reform in the constitution of the Party caucus at which Mr. Labouchere has been levelling his attack; but I fancy that he and his friends were aiming at something more than this, and they have been decisively checked. The result is that Mr. Labouchere is very indignant; he talked openly of organising a party of revolt, having as its object the practical discrediting of the Front Opposition Bench, and the forming of an entirely new combination. I do not know whether this threat is serious or no. If it is, the ablest instrument in such a combination would be Sir Charles Dilke, who has unquestionably been seen at his best in the present Session. His power and agility of criticism, his knowledge, his industry, have far outshone anything that has been seen on the Front Opposition Bench, and, if he lends himself to a destructive policy, things may look very queer with the Leaders. Sir William Harcourt is a very able man, and a very deft and powerful Parliamentarian, but he is not so young as he was, and he does not give to the House that incessant service such as enabled Mr. Parnell, in his early days, to gain his unrivalled mastery of Parliamentary business. He is a sensitive man, and, if a desperate attempt be made to upset the present Liberal régime, he may yield to it, and retire in anger and disgust. I do not expect, however, that things will be pressed to this pass.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The end is in view. It is true the football season does not terminate till the last minute in April, but, after all, the sport in that month begins to hang fire, as news of the approaching cricket season comes with frequency. As a matter of fact, there is a great falling-off after the final tie of the Football Association Cup, which, this season, takes place on April 18. There are, however, then the test matches in the League to get through, and these will have interest for a good many persons up North.

Next Saturday we are to have the semi-final ties in connection with the "English" Cup, and, as usual, the result in either case is not easy to guess. If we went by form merely, then Derby County should easily beat the Wolverhampton Wanderers, while the Bolton Wanderers ought to just get the better of Sheffield Wednesday. But who ever had regard to form when Cup-ties were under consideration? The Wolverhampton Wanderers occupy a lowly berth in the League table, but are performing not much worse than in the season when they won the competition outright. Besides, Notts County were only a Second Division club when they captured the trophy. As a matter of fact, the Wanderers alone of the four clubs still left in have previously gone right through the Cup competition.

Derby County have had a brilliant season, but I am not so sure that they will beat the Wolverhampton Wanderers. The latter are a remarkably tricky lot, and they hold the advantage of experience of Cup-ties—no mean consideration. As for the other tie—well, Sheffield Wednesday, by virtue of having beaten both Sunderland and Everton, albeit playing at home on either occasion, might reasonably be expected to defeat the Bolton Wanderers on neutral ground, though Bolton have actually not yet lost a single goal in the competition.

AQUATICS.

Ten days hence and we shall have the University Boat-race. I scarcely remember interest to be so keen at Putney as it is this season. There is no doubt that the apparent equality of the crews is largely responsible for this. Last year the event was always a gift for the Dark Blues, and though the attendance showed little diminution in numbers, the customary enthusiasm was naturally missing.

To say the least, Oxford's prospects are not so brilliant this year. They have, like Cambridge, five old Blues in the boat, but the Cantabs have lost no time in proving to the cognoscenti that they are a vastly improved lot from last year. Cambridge arrived at Putney some days before Oxford, and after three days on tidal water they accomplished as fine a performance as even their best friends could have desired. Will it be believed that this crew, before they had knocked off much superfluous flesh, and before they had banished the effects of rowing on the sluggish Cam, should have gone from Putney to Mortlake—the full Boat-race course—in not more than 21 min. 4 sec.? Let it not be hastily inferred that the conditions were favourable. As a matter of fact, for a goodly part of the distance there was a strong head-wind, and it was quite inspiring to see the way the Light Blues got through the "sea" that was raging. Why, in 1894, when Oxford won by three lengths and a half, the time was 21 min. 39 sec., and even last year it was not less than 20 min. 50 sec.

CRICKET.

To-day the Australian team sets sail for England. As a result of the trial match, the original selections have undergone some alteration, and, as a matter of fact, the number of players has been increased from thirteen to fifteen. On the whole, I can scarcely set down the preliminary arrangements as overpoweringly satisfactory. The choosing of the men has not been accomplished without much bickering, and even now it is doubtful, to say the least, whether the team can be called thoroughly representative. These are the names:—T. R. McKibbin, F. A. Iredale, S. E. Gregory, H. Donnan, C. T. B. Turner, and J. Kelly, of New South Wales; G. H. S. Trott (captain), H. Graham, H. Trumble, and A. Johns, Victoria; George Giffen, E. Jones, J. Darling, and C. Hill, South Australia; and C. J. Eady of Tasmania. As will be seen, the chief improvement is in the bowling, the inclusion of Turner being a wise and even an inevitable move. It amuses me to read that Turner has gone off in his bowling. I like a man who has gone off, especially if he is a man who was once regarded as one of the finest exponents seen. Turner is the greatest bowler ever produced by Australia, and his performances on English wickets surpass even those of the famous demon, Spofforth. Even from a financial standpoint—and it would be idle to deny that finance enters largely into the calculations of the Australian authorities—the omission of Turner would have been a calamity.

It is still to be regretted that the Colonials could not see their way to bring in Albert Trott, the brother of Harry Trott, and the man who of all other Australian cricketers we most desired to see. Cricketers in this country will not readily forget the enthusiasm raised when news of the marvellous success met with by young Albert Trott against Mr. Stoddart's team arrived. Let it not be thought that I am alone in cavilling. "Felix" (Mr. T. Horan), than whom there is no more respected authority in Australia, denounces the selection committee right and left for the overlooking of this grand player. It is said that Trott has fallen off in his play since last season; but surely the authorities in the Colonies should know better than to pay much heed to this circumstance. All cricketers, even the best of them, go

off at some time or other; but they come on again in the natural order of things. What guarantee have we that the men who were chosen because of their form will sustain that form in England? It should not be forgotten, too, that English wickets are much more favourable to bowlers than Australian wickets, and surely Trott bowled with sufficient success, even in his own country. However, the team has set sail, and so it is, perhaps, idle to further discuss the composition of it. We shall see what we shall see next summer, and the uncertainty is thoroughly typical of the game itself.

GOLF.

Contrary to general expectation, Cambridge could not beat Oxford in the Inter-Varsity Golf-match, and, for the first time in the series of fixtures, a halved match was the result, each team totalling four holes. Up to date, the Light Blues have won on nine occasions, and Oxford on eight.

I am informed that Lord Calthorpe is the newly elected president of the Blakeney and Cley Golf Club, Mr. Sumpter the hon. secretary, Mr. G. Hudson the captain, Mrs. G. Hudson the lady-captain, and Mr. C. J. T. Lynes the secretary and treasurer. The vice-presidents are Mr. H. Forbes Eden, Mr. F. T. S. Rippingall, and Mr. S. Hoare, M.P.

I am glad to hear that there is a proposition on foot to form a County Golf Club at Hereford. Broomy Hill is the ground suggested, and it has been carefully surveyed and favourably reported upon, while a nine-hole course has been marked out by the Malvern Club professional, Brown.

I understand that a sum of 1250 francs has been voted by the Municipality of Hyères to the English Committee of the Golf Club there, with the view of aiding in the construction of a pavilion.—OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Lincoln Handicap will be one of the best races to be seen in the early spring. Thanks to the open winter, the majority of the horses have been in strong work, and the trainers must be all confident if ever they were. From the latest information received, I am inclined to favour the chance of Gangway, who is said to be quite as good as he was when he won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. It is against the horse that he should have been on the shelf for some time, but I am told he is practically sound. If Easter Gift is Captain Machell's chosen, he will go close, but, if the Captain decides to go for United, the public should follow suit.

The classic horses are going on all right. It is an open secret that the Prince of Wales and all connected with Persimmon think the colt will win the Derby, while Mr. Leopold de Rothschild fancies St. Frusquin will win. On the other hand, John Porter, as I have stated many times before, is prepared to stand Regret against all comers, and the Duke of Westminster thinks the same as his trainer. It is evident, then, that the Blue Riband of the Turf will this year be one of the most interesting of the series, and it is to be hoped no accident will happen to either of the candidates before the day. I cannot get away from Regret.

Of course, somebody must work the betting commissions for owners in the ring, but I do think the time has arrived when sporting journalists should refrain from laying-out other people's money. Writers on racing have, occasionally, a delicate task to perform, and they ought to be perfectly free and unfettered, and be able to approach all questions with what Mr. Gladstone terms "an open mind." I feel certain that a man—be he professional backer or journalist, or both—who dabbles to any great extent in the ring is bound, sooner or later, to look at the surroundings through the green spectacles of prejudice. His ducklings are swans, and if they prove to be otherwise, he still treats them as big birds.

Many of the racing clubs flourish, and some do not. I fancy Gatwick could do with a few more members. After all, it is the club subscriptions that keep the racing enclosures going. I should say the subscription-list of the Sandown Club was worth nearly £20,000 per annum, and there are hundreds of applicants waiting to be made members. Of course, it is apparent that members of clubs get their racing at a less cost than do bookmakers and professional backers. Further, they have the advantages of select trains and a very select enclosure. It is, then, no wonder that the older meetings have their full complement of club members.

The Earl of Coventry is determined that everything shall be perfect so far as the arrangements for this year's meeting are concerned. The entrance to the Grand Stand is to be widened. This is all right, but Major Clements will remember the great crush took place at the entrance two or three years back owing to the doors being closed, and I think these should be opened quite half an hour before the arrival of the first train. Again, why should not visitors be able to take railway and enclosure tickets at one and the same time at Waterloo? I have often wondered why the railway companies have never adopted this plan. It ought to be in vogue for all meetings. At present, some of the railway tickets admit to the course—at Lingfield and Plumpton, to wit. Then why should not the railway companies issue tickets available for Tattersall's?

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—To-day, 7.7; to-morrow, 7.9; March 20, 7.10; March 21, 7.12; March 22, 7.14; March 23, 7.15; March 24, 7.17. When to extinguish:—To-day, 5.8; to-morrow, 5.6; March 20, 5.4; March 21, 5.1; March 22, 4.59; March 23, 4.57; March 24, 4.54.

I have just heard a charming true story, which will encourage the hearts of those who still maintain that bicycling is not a pastime fit for ladies. About twenty years ago, a pretty girl, staying at a country house in Herefordshire, was riding to the meet with her host's eldest son. She noticed that the mount which had been given to her was new to the field. "Oh," said Robert —, "that's a mare we have just broken in. The groom wants to call her Velocipede." "Ah," said the girl, laughing, "how very interesting! I will tell my people in writing home—and somebody else—that I have been riding a Velocipede!" She did tell, too, and her little joke was only too effectual. Her young man expressed great displeasure at the news; she was too proud to explain the joke away; and the engagement was broken off. Nor was it ever renewed.

Sir Francis Jeune would not have approved that young man's propriety—at any rate, not more than to the extent of feeling that, in losing a pretty bride, his priggishness served him right.

The President is heartily devoted to bicycling, as to all other outdoor recreations. He does not ride in the Park; but very often of a Sunday morning he takes a spin for many miles in the direction of Windsor. On these occasions he is accompanied by Lady Jeune and her daughter, Miss Stanley, and that they are proficient cyclists you may gather from the fact that Lady Jeune is always at home in Harley Street by luncheon-time on Sunday. The younger daughter, Miss Dorothy Stanley, is not much given to the wheels. She thinks that skating is an exercise more fit while you are not yet full-grown. I have no doubt, however, that ere long, when the fair weather is fully established, we may see her in one of the bicycling parties which fly through the streets of the City after dinner on fine nights.

These parties, which were instituted by daring spirits towards the close of last season, are pretty sure to become the vogue. At night the City is not only, as is well known, the quietest part of London: it is also the part of the purest air. A man who has lived in the Temple for twenty years told me recently that he might as well be sleeping there as in Shetland, so fresh and pure is the atmosphere when the countless thousands who work in the City by day have fled to the West-End or to the suburbs; and I can quite believe him. At any rate, I felt, when I bicycled to the Monument and back one night last summer, that I had never had a more pleasant ride. Most of the way was paved with asphalt, which is better even than a cinder-track, and you have no greater difficulty to encounter than an occasional omnibus lurching hastily homewards. I should not advise you, however, to be too venturesome. The City is all

right at night on week-days, but it is not so safe on a Sunday afternoon as you might suppose. Thinking, the other day, that it would be deserted and quiet then, I made a tour as far as the Minories. I lost my way several times, to begin with, which was bad; and often I was "blanketed," like Lord Dunraven on the American seas, which was worse. The people of the East-End do not seem to be much given either to church or to chapel. From the Bank eastwards the streets were crowded with them, and so menacing was a man here and there, I felt a very genuine relief when, at last, I found myself in the solitude of Ludgate Hill.

I have forgotten, by the way, to mention that Lady Jeune's bicycle is a Humber, fitted with the Simpson lever-chain.

It was a Christmas gift to her by the Tory member for Northampton. As this chain was recently fully described through an interview with the inventor published in *The Sketch*, I need not trouble you with my own thoughts about it. Only let me say that Lady Jeune, who has tried bicycles of all kinds, tells me that this is the one that pleases her most. She says that it goes with less exertion on her part than any bicycle she has tried; which would seem to show that, in maintaining that the lever-chain, by reducing friction, economises energy, the Magician of King's Street, and the Chairman of the Midland Railway Company, who is a director of the syndicate exploiting the lever-chain, affirm the literal truth. I may add that Lord Charles Beresford, who is an authority on mechanics as applied to ships of war, also is a believer in the Simpson chain, and says that it is the roller which does the trick.

The bicycles which the Prince and Princess of Wales use at Sandringham are fitted with the lever-chain, and were made for them under the special supervision of Mr. Simpson. This recalls to me a pretty little incident which, although it is not connected with bicycling, I should like to set down. When the Prince's family are at Marlborough House, the young Princesses often walk over to King's Street to see what new inventions their friend the Magician has devised. Not long ago the

Princess Maud was trying to set going a model battleship, floating in a big tub, and propelled by plungers, instead of by the ordinary screw-propeller. In handling the vessel, she soiled her gloves with the oil of the engine-room. The Magician noticed this, and apologised. "Oh, never mind," said the Princess; "I think I have another pair over the way."

I touched upon Lady Warwick's white bicycle last week. I do not myself believe that white is a good colour for a bicycle. It is all very well for your boots at Niagara or Hengler's Skating Palace, as all will admit who have seen the lady in blue who waltzes so well on her skates; but when you bicycle you have to reckon with mud, and a splashed white bicycle is a sorrier spectacle than a pair of wheels in honest black, which serves its purpose. Still, it is only fair to admit that Lady Archibald Campbell, who is a sportswoman and a woman of taste, rides on a bicycle as white as Lady Warwick's.



AN AUSTRALIAN WHEELER.
Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

ROUND ABOUT THE THEATRES.

I have to thank Mr. Mulholland, the enterprising manager of the Theatre Métropole, for giving me the opportunity of seeing once again "The Benefit of the Doubt," for Mr. Fred Latham's company played Pinero for the benefit of Camberwell last week. Of course, the Comedy representation of the play is too fresh in my memory to be able to judge absolutely of the performance on its own merits, but the general result struck me as being of a high order, even although the Camberwellites irritated me perpetually by seeming to regard the whole play as a farce, for an aggravating giggle greeted many of the incidents that to the West-End audience had a serious aspect. Happily, Mr. Cyril Maude retains his original part as Sir Fletcher Portwood. It is a very admirable piece of acting, Mr. Maude painting a portrait of a tiresome old gentleman that will not readily be forgotten. And Miss Rose Leclercq was once again delightful as Mrs. Cloys. Mr. J. G. Grahame, who was originally Fraser of Lochreen, and who directs the company, now takes Mr. Boyne's rôle of Jack Allingham, playing it quite as well, if not better at points, than his predecessor. The rest of the company are new-comers. Miss Ida Molesworth, whose make-up is wonderfully like that of Miss Emery, is Theophila. She disappointed me in the beginning, but formed-up in the second act, though she fell off in the last again. Miss Beauclerc as Justina (the playbill calls her Instina) is much commoner than even the Emptages must have been, for surely "Mar" does not echo in the regions of Regent's Park. Miss Kate Osborne was also a commoner Mrs. Emptage than was Miss Henrietta Lindley. The other parts were fairly well cast, notably in the case of Mr. W. Forster as Lochreen, and Mr. McNay as Peter Elphick. This is a criticism of comparison, but, as I have said, that is almost unavoidable. To those who did not see the original production, this presentation of it would seem quite excellent.

There was quite a ladies' afternoon at the Comedy, when two pieces by Mrs. Hugh Bell, one by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and a recitation by Miss Beatrice Herford were given. The chief curiosity was concerning the novelist's work, for we all know how cleverly Mrs. Hugh Bell can write for the stage. Mrs. Clifford's play is really a tragic comedy, in its story of the young English girl who has married an old Italian Count, worshipping him as hero, comrade of Mazzini and Garibaldi; who has thought, too, in marriage she would find release from the drudgery of teaching. For the poor thing learns gradually that her hero of romance is a widower with seven children, and discovers that she will have to teach again in order to help to support the ready-made family. Mrs. Clifford, even if she has not quite caught the trick of the stage, shows the aptitude, and in some ways the work was very ably written. Mrs. Herbert Waring acted with great skill as the young girl: it is to be regretted that she gives us so few chances of seeing the acting that one remembers so well in "The County" and "The Wild Duck." I hope we shall soon see a more ambitious work from Mrs. Clifford's pen. The sketches by Mrs. Bell varied much in merit, "Blue and Green" being decidedly inferior to "The Bicycle." The former is too thin in subject, and, though ably acted by Miss Carlotta Addison, it was a trifle heavy. "The Bicycle" gave a capital lying-part to Mr. Charles Hawtrey as the husband who "bikes" on the sly; and to Miss Vane Featherstone, who is just as bad as her husband. There were smart lines in the piece, and the little intrigue is ingeniously handled, so it proved to be very amusing. The monologue by Miss Beatrice Herford was rendered with remarkable skill, and she showed a strong dramatic instinct and sense of humour.

"On 'Change," at the Strand, which is illustrated in the present issue of *The Sketch*, goes merrily. I looked in again the other evening, and most thoroughly enjoyed myself. Mr. Felix Morris, as Professor Peckering Peck, makes the best Scotsman I have ever seen on the stage. The Scots Professor has been much with us lately. We have seen him in love; now we see him in money, or at least, striving to attain that blessedness. In both situations he is delightfully impracticable; in the latter, as portrayed by Mr. Felix Morris, he is delightfully national. Goodwillie, of happy memory, was Anglicised, quite of to-day. Peckering Peck belongs to a race of Scots professors well-nigh, if not altogether, extinct. That a Scotsman should be unpractical in money and yet be national may seem a hard saying, but the difficulty vanishes when it is remembered that Peckering Peck has lived solely to gather not gear, but learning, and that "the prawtical knowledge o' the maan o' science" is accounted in Capel Court mere foolishness. Hence the sorrows of Peckering Peck, as recounted nightly at the Strand Theatre.

No one can fail to enjoy the humour and pathos of Mr. Morris's masterly creation; but, perhaps, it is only the Scotsman born and bred who can quite realise the completeness of his portraiture—the abstracted enthusiasm, the childish self-sufficiency, the odd manner, the still odder speech and appearance, that make Peckering Peck just what he should be. From the moment he came on the stage one was illusioned. Here was no mere acting; it was a veritable man, whose very looks forecast the speech he duly uttered. Studious recluse, somewhat of the Dominic Sampson type, Peckering Peck owes nothing to Southern influence; and therein lies his charm, for he is true in the minutest particular to the school he represents. To have portrayed such a character, without yielding for a moment to caricature, is Mr. Morris's artistic triumph.

Mr. Morris has not, I understand, modelled his Professor on any particular "original," but has rather "composed" him from his deep knowledge of the Scotsman of former days, and, indeed, such an original would now be hard to find in the flesh. The Professor's get-up

is very nearly that of the early "forties," and is curiously like that of Carlyle's brother, as represented in a rare photograph which can be seen any day in Museum Street. The plaid may or may not be a reminiscence of a great Grecian departed. The unwinding of the garment, while the learned man spins like a tectotum, is, however, a process to which Blackie would scarcely have submitted with equanimity, but in such a "doited body" as Peck it comes naturally; as naturally, indeed, as the Scottish accent unwinds from Mr. Morris's tongue.

But, although London playgoers have heard Mr. Morris only in the Scots vernacular, that is far from being his only accomplishment. The reproduction of dialect is his forte, and he is equally strong in Irish, Welsh, and French parts. One of his favourite impersonations occurs in a tender little Irish piece—"Kerry." It is to be hoped that he will yet be heard in the Metropolis in one or other or all of these. For the present, however, one must wish long life to the inimitable Professor Peckering Peck, with his "bawbees," his "Rawnds," his "Chawrteredds," and his "cawm and pheelosophical view of things." To hear him call (and miscall) his cousin "Jeems" is a joy for ever.

Mr. Morris was born in England, of Scotch and Welsh parentage, was educated chiefly in France, and has lived a great deal in America, where he has acted throughout the length and breadth of the Continent. He was for a time a student at Guy's Hospital, but stage-fever struck him, and, quitting medicine, he went to "the other side" to seek his fortune as an actor. Now that this genial and talented artist has come back again, one would fain express a wish that he has come to stay.

On Monday the critics had quite an evening in the Halls. The early diners saw the new version of "Faust" at the Empire. It is open to discussion whether a mixture of Gounod, Lutz, and Ford is the best kind of music for a ballet, and to the musical there is something acutely incongruous in the work of the first and second tableaux; however, the disappearance of the dreadful soldiers' march of the Gaiety composer is a great gain, and it must be admitted that the Gounod came in delightfully at times. Mr. Ford has remained quite or almost unutilised, at which I rejoice, for in the gorgeous revels in the spot that I must not name, he has written some of the most fascinating music that I have ever heard in Leicester Square. Some changes have been made in the ballet—notably at the end, where Faust, instead of being unequivocally sent down to the flaming place, is left in a state of apparent uncertainty as to his future. Whether this is a gain or not, I do not venture to say.

The new dancer with the ugly German name seems to me of unusually technical dexterity, and, owing to the ease of her execution, has no little grace in some of her movements. The management might notice officially the fact that the costume of Mlle. Irmier in "La Danse," as Terpsichore, is much more graceful than the parasol-skirts, and consequently ask the Spirit of Fascination in "Faust" to indulge in more ample drapery. After all, to me at least, the greatest pleasure in the ballet comes from the delightful dresses in the march of soldiers and revels of their sweethearts. Even Wilhelm has rarely done anything more beautiful than the combination of yellows, oranges, blacks, and whites. The "Faust" ballet certainly may be called one of the pleasantest of modern times.

The Cinématographe, or moving-picture exhibition, is one of the most startling developments of science—a fine phrase that I heard in the law courts. Moreover—and it is more important, perhaps—it gives a capital entertainment. It appears to be the kinoscope enlarged and thrown on to a screen. There was quite an "Oh!" of surprise and delight as the pictures were presented. The "Arrival of the Paris Express" was the most successful. It was wonderful to watch the train come in, dead on, at a pace, and then see the people get in and out. Yet the bathing, with the waves really moving and breaking, was stranger and more wonderful. The invention probably will be improved, for, at present, in the larger subjects, such as the "Game of Écarté," there is some jerkiness; moreover, the focussing leaves much to be desired. The pictures will be a draw, and, if the Empire can secure one of a prize-fight, I shall buy shares when the announcement is made.

From the moving pictures of the Cinématographe to the statue poems of Mlle. Degaby is a curious step. People are shocked, some at least, by the lady appearing in white tights "altogether," save her face, and not whitening the face. The "shocking," however, is really a question of taste, and, consequently, difficult to discuss. I may be purer, or less pure, than those shocked—either explanation will serve—certainly, I failed to be shocked, or even to feel that my morals were being undermined. I think the "Jupiter Vainqueur," which was the case of Léda, might have been omitted, since the tale is not quite edifying. There is something in the fact that the lady, a plump and pleasing person, graceful and opulent in outline, is far from classic in her attractive person, and, while she pleases the eye, does not give any of the feeling of the statue.

The imitation of Sarah Bernhardt given at the Siddons House matinée at the St. James's Theatre, by Miss Beverley Sitgreaves, was not the first public performance of the same by this clever young American actress. Miss Sitgreaves, who, it may be remembered, played an important part in "Gossip" with Mrs. Langtry's company, recited one of Doña Sol's scenes à la Bernhardt, a few nights before the St. James's matinée, at Bayswater. That was on the occasion of a special performance of "The Bookmaker," in which Mr. Edward Terry's old rôle of Sir Joseph Trent was played by Mr. Harding Cox.

Röntgen, according to some people, was in reality anticipated by Ibsen, as—

The portraiture of Man-and-Wife
Presented by your sex-plays
Is nothing more or less than life
As witnessed by the x-rays.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS AS THEY ARE.

One really might have supposed from last week's Sandown meeting that every other woman on the Lawn had enrolled herself in a Purple Sisterhood. Never have I seen—not excepting St. Peter's in Easter week—so liberal a display of the ecclesiastical colour. Now purple is an unreservedly delightful hue, but, as it does not at present rule the modish roost, I somewhat marvelled at such strong foregrounding—in a



function, too, where every woman's well-expressed intention is to eclipse her dearest friend by the infallible means of her own infallible dress-maker. Almond-green, together with the already favourite black and white, are the ruling colours of the moment. For becomingness, as properly understood, no combination of tints, however well considered, can compare with the latter; and, as for green, let those who boast a milk-and-roses complexion be duly grateful for its undeniable assistance to their charms, while the woman of brunette beauty may advisedly sacrifice to fashion in another tone. Apropos of green, by the way, I would that for a brief five minutes I had the pen of a Heaven-born lady-novelist to describe in her graphic eulogy the seductions of a little walking-dress in almond étamine, which I selected for one of many best friends in Paris last week. But, being denied a liberal education in adjectives, let me put in three bald and quite inadequate lines the summing-up of a really bewitching little garment. Its skirt, less wide but more fan-like in effect than those of last season, formed two well-set-out godets at each side, held in place by half-hoops of black satin ribbon about a foot from the hem. At the back a wide, double pleat appeared, while round the skirt ran a narrow satin ribbon, also black. To properly sing the charms of its *chic* little bodice is most difficult, so much is due to the truly Parisian art of its arrangement. A stiffly set-out and very short scalloped basque, lined with black satin, was one feature. Quaintly cut shoulder-pieces of the latter material, over fully draped sleeves of étamine, disclosed a draped vest of Alençon lace over dog-rose satin, while lapels, made very wide, of black-and-white striped ribbon, powdered with pompadour rosebuds of the same pink as that shown in vest, completed quite the daintiest turn-out it is possible to imagine. Altogether, before leaving Paris I quite steeped myself in modes and millinery, as would, naturally,

even the least vain of her sex, to find tulle a reigning queen of the moment, as regards the trimming of both frocks, bonnets, and even petticoats.

Extravagance in the latter important item of our daily needs seems to have reached its climax this year. With many smart women it is now the mode to wear an under-skirt of shot taffetas, greatly beflounced with accordion-pleatings and lace, while over this goes another skirt, made of fine muslin and rows of insertion, finished with the usual accompaniment of frills and flounces below. Here is luxury, with a vengeance, when worn, as I have seen them, under an unassuming morning-dress of cashmere—once more a vogue—or canvas, which now supersedes our long-cherished crépon. But though Paris is eternally the fountain-head of fashion, it can no longer be alleged that on this side of the Channel uncouth traditions of fifty years back are now any longer but a legend. In the science of frocks, at all events, if not of food, we are no longer in the wake of our sisters by the Seine, and the socially elect here are well aware that fashion is not less well represented at the leading West-End modistes than in traditional sanctums of the Rivoli or Paix. Among those who stand well in the first flight, by reason of the exquisite taste with which she annexes all that is best of each passing fashionable fancy, Madame Humble may be especially mentioned. Her combinations of colour and material, whether in frocks or millinery, are as artistic as the dressmaker's art can make them, while I know of none more subtly scientific in the moulding of a bodice or the even still rarer gift of a well-hung skirt. That everything is nothing unless this last commandment be observed is certainly a creed in Conduit Street, judging from the *cachet* which invariably distinguishes a Humble skirt. One little afternoon-dress which especially appealed to my appreciative fancy I saw there some days since. It was of stone-coloured cashmere—a material which, as I have already noted, is in for a revival. The bodice, draped at one side, was finished with a loosely gathered fall of real lace, held in place with a cut-steel buckle. Applications of soft yellow-toned guipure, with embroideries of little pink roses, appeared on the sleeves, neck, and in wavy lines below the waist. A more daintily conceived frock it is given few to possess. Another charming effect was obtained by an evening-dress of velours



miroir—I think they called it—which, reduced to reality, was a peach-coloured moiré of velvety texture, the wool being a silver thread which, though scarcely apparent, gave out a silvery sheen with every movement of its happy wearer. A bodice entirely covered with cream guipure, jewelled with cut-jet and white stones, was finished with a knot of orchids to tone with the pinkish mauve underneath, the sleeves being merely a full drapery of chiffon to match, caught up with real lace. Nothing could be lovelier, except, perhaps, the same gown transposed in palest green, with garnitures of the now very modish gardenia. For the practical needs of every day, nothing better achieves the smart and useful together than this black canvas indoor-dress, over black glacé silk, which appears in sketch. Its folded satin waist-belt suits most figures, whether rotund or retiring,

and, surmounted by a smart velvet zouave, tricked out with buttons of paste and white enamel, strikes me as an ideal indoor garment, or outdoor for the matter of that. Observe the smart toque of black straw and tulle surmounting it, with the very last freak in ospreys, and a well-placed garland of white roses that nestle coyly on Madam or Miss's back hair. A very dress of dresses too, for race-meeting, park, or other outdoor opportunity, is one of dull-brown cloth, which makes the most perfect background for a tight-fitting vest of pale-green silk under real lace. The little fully basqued coat repeats some touches of the green at sleeves and collar, and, while admitting a dozen different vests equally well, is perfect in its present effect, and decidedly one of the most successful Madame Humble has evolved out of an apparently inexhaustible imagination. As for capes, I suppose we shall continue to wear them until sleeves shrink into a compass possible to jackets. Their diminished quantity is less apparent now in daytime than evening, however. Meanwhile, a seductive cape in green mirror velvet, with a cashmere coloured passementerie, was pretty enough to reconcile one to any enormity of form that might be hidden beneath, while another, called the Marie Antoinette cape, of shot purple and black taffetas, under a delicately patterned guipure, was a dainty combination of past and present. Pinked-out flounces and long ends, which equally fell straight or formed the old "cross-over" when fastened at the back, preserved its correct character without altering the suitability which our up-to-date needs demand. Humble, though a dressmaker before all else, is also exceedingly strong on the subject of millinery. Her hats and bonnets are both elegant and smart, with none of the alarming shop-window air of cheap nastiness which meets one in every street this season. Of all mistakes that indiscriminating woman is prone to, cheap millinery is surely the greatest. Ready-made boots only are a greater sin, and so many who will cheerfully spend twenty guineas on a smart frock yet think one is a sufficient consideration for headgear. I wish I could impress on my readers that a good milliner is no less a pearl above price than a good cook, and almost as difficult to unearth. There was a toque at Humble's, the other day, concocted of green satin straw under guipure, with a nodding spray of pink roses at one side and purple ditto at the other. A stiff bow of chiné ribbon, with a hundred colours glancing in its meshes, finished an effect which to possess might put any woman into good humour for a whole month, and that is saying a good deal in the present state of our nerves and society. A large Philippe hat in black straw, piled high on one side with petunia poppies, while a distractingly well-tied bow in three tiers of mauve and green glacé ribbon decorated the other, was also a masterpiece. A gold-coloured straw toque, jauntily set forth with loops of green tulle under white, had clusters of pale-mauve irises, with green and white roses in wonderfully natural foliage to keep them company. Altogether, Humble has the best-considered show of chiffons it is possible to see. Nor can one visit her smart rooms without experiencing a greedy joy which will not go unsatisfied. From Nice a giddy friend writes that, among other matters, the Duchesse de Dénia has begun to lead the fashion in hats, one of her last successes being a Manilla straw with a wide, low crown and flat brim. A drapery of green and pink tulle goes round to form at the back two large rosettes. At the side, one big pink rose without foliage is placed. The brim is trimmed with smaller pink roses placed at intervals, while a bird of paradise, known as *Manteau de Velours*, with especially wonderful tail-feathers, forms an aigrette. So much for the Duchess's last French hat, which she good-naturedly lent my frivolous correspondent to copy, only stipulating that it should be in different colours and that no Nice milliner should lay covetous eyes on it, naturally binding my poor friend down to get it done by her maid. I cannot fancy it will rival the Duchess's, though. For home-made hats I have somewhat less than pity. c.

This season's last smoking concert of the St. George's Club, Hanover Square, will take place on Tuesday, under the direction of Mr. Ganz.

For a long time past the question of taking some step with the view of arresting the continued decrease in the second-class traffic, which for years has been a prominent feature in railway accounts, has been engaging the careful attention of the principal railway companies. The directors of the Great Western and London and South-Western Railway Companies have just decided to reduce the second-class fares generally over their respective systems to a sum equivalent to about 1½d. per mile. They have also determined to reduce the first-class fares to about 2d. per mile in all cases in which they are at present in excess of that amount. The exact date on which these alterations are to take effect has not yet been finally decided, as it will take some time to arrange the necessary details for giving effect to such important changes over the extensive systems of the two companies referred to. The introduction of reduced rates on the Great Eastern for conveyance of farm-produce to London, brought into operation on Dec. 1, has elicited a great many inquiries by consumers for the names and addresses of persons who are prepared to supply small quantities of farm-produce; and, in order to supply this want, a list has been compiled, which may be had of Mr. H. G. Drury, at Liverpool Street Station. Housewives should get it. The fourth edition of the Midland Railway Company's "List of Furnished Lodgings in Farmhouses and Country Districts" will shortly be published for the tourist season of 1896.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

DRESS AT THE PLAY.

The particular "Grand Duke" who is located at the Savoy has very thoughtfully provided us with some entirely delightful models for fancy-dresses, and earned our deep gratitude thereby, for I am personally certain that no amount of wearying thought and lengthy consultation could result in anything half so piquantly pretty as any one of the costumes which are worn in the first act of the new opera, where the Public Square of the old German town forms a delightful background for the groups of exquisite colouring.

And first comes Madame Ilka von Pálmay, a distinctive figure in a full skirt of white satin, short to the ankles, and bedecked with many rows of turquoise-blue satin ribbon; while the bodice of powder-blue velvet is striped with the more vivid blue, and laced across a soft chemisette of white chiffon with gold cord. But it is Madame von Pálmay's cape which, I venture to affirm, will secure the lion's share of your affection, slung over the shoulders as it is, in Hussar fashion, its shimmering white surface made more beautiful with an appliqué of blue satin and an interlacing embroidery of silver, the lining being of turquoise satin, while crowning all is a quaint high-crowned hat of black velvet, with just one band of turquoise velvet encircling the crown at its extreme top, and having for company a very jaunty little black tip.

The dress itself is really the model which is followed in all the other costumes, though no one has presumed to copy Madame Ilka's cape. That is a distinctive feature which she alone enjoys. Some of the combinations of colour are exquisite; for instance, the quartette whose gowns are of the palest green—just the green of the tender new lilac-leaves—have corselet bodices of darker green velvet, bedecked with old silver buttons, their little round capes being bordered with the same velvet, while round their shoulders hang garlands of forget-me-nots. Even lovelier are the delicate grey satin dresses, which are combined with white chiffon and satin, and garlanded with golden-yellow buttercups and kingcups, the mauve in their turn being trimmed with yellow ribbon and shaded poppies.

The scheme of colouring runs through two shades of green, mauve, terra-cotta, and grey, and when the contrast of the floral garlands is supplied, the colour chord is absolutely harmonious and beautiful.

Nor must we forget the dainty little bride, Miss Florence Perry, in her white satin dress, with bunched-up panniers, edged with a pleating of satin, and a cascade of lace, and a square-cut bodice draped with chiffon and lace, in which nestle sundry bunches of orange-blossoms, the bridal veil being arranged from the back of the head; and then, as an excellent contrast to all this fresh gaiety, there is Miss Rosina Brandram's richly stiff costume as the Baroness von Krakenfeldt, the skirt of black watered moiré being almost covered by an over-dress of pompadour brocade, where the fawn-coloured ground is patterned with bouquets of pink flowers.

And afterwards, in the second act, all this *chic* smartness of tightly laced corselets and high-heeled shoes is displaced by the corsetless grace of Greek draperies, with their inevitable accompaniment of sandalled feet.

There is one robe which still lingers in my memory, where darkest and yet most vivid blue is all patterned with silver crescents, while in the over-dress an exquisite shade of violet merges into palest blue, grass-green in another notable case being wedded in happiest union to cerulean blue. Also, there is one marvellous combination of pale mauve, blue, tan, green, grey, and violet, and, altogether, the whole scene is a feast of colour, with, for background, a circle of marble pillars through which you have a view of blue sea and bluer sky, vistas of trees, and terraces of flowers.

Into this exquisite living picture comes the new "Grand Duchess," Madame Ilka von Pálmay—a transfigured creature in classic draperies of purest white, the borders wrought with gold, and the wealth of her wonderful hair crowned by a high golden diadem. In attendance upon her is the deposed wife—Miss Florence Perry—a pathetic figure in pale-yellow robes, with touches of gold gleaming out here and there.

Curiously incongruous, though in itself most picturesque, is Miss Rosina Brandram's wedding-attire—a gorgeous gown of old-rose satin, bedecked with flounces of costly lace, caught up with bows of satin ribbon, while the over-dress, of green brocade, boasts of a Watteau back, and is bordered with cascade frills of lace, the elbow-sleeves, in their turn, being finished with lace and ribbon. Her bonnet is an erection which evidently had some idea originally of emulating the Eiffel Tower, though, on second thoughts, this was abandoned. It is constructed of pink satin, finely ruched, and intermixed with lace and feathers.

The Princess of Monte Carlo (Miss Emmie Owen) has a quaint dress, with a skirt of white satin, bordered with rosily pink ruffles, and a bodice of blue satin, fringed with gold. But I forgot every other costume when I saw the Herald of the Prince of Monte Carlo, and noted with most sincere admiration his one red and his one black stocking, with odd sleeves to match, his brilliant red satin suit, with its overhanging herald's cape, where, on a red satin ground, cards and dominoes, roulette-balls, hearts and diamonds, crowns and dice, were all portrayed in satin, black or white or red; while a neck-ruffle of white satin, edged with gold, and a three-cornered black hat, with white plumes and gold borderings, completed the attire which made me, for the first time, desire to be a man in order that I might the better display its glories.

And yet, on consideration, how infinitely more fascinating it could be made if adapted to a feminine wearer.

FLORENCE.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 24.

THE PERUVIAN COMPROMISE.

After a very stormy debate on the subject, the bondholders in the Peruvian Corporation have agreed to the scaling-down of the interest on their debentures. We fear there was no alternative; but we do think the matter might have been done more decently and in order, for it simply comes to this, that the bondholders had no real opportunity of considering the proposals made. Why there should have been such an indecent hurry we have difficulty in perceiving.

The excuse was that any aspect of hesitation would be read badly by the Peruvian Government. Why, in the name of all that is mysterious, should this be so? And what has the Peruvian Government got to do with the matter? Why, one of the arguments in favour of the debenture-holders giving way was that they had no *locus standi* in Peru, while the preference stock-holders had; and, without even admitting this, it is obvious that any arrangement made by the debenture-holders for taking less interest than that to which they are legally entitled, is a purely internal affair, in which it would be sheer impertinence of the Peruvian Government to interfere.

The scheme was rushed through so hurriedly that it was admitted by some members of the Bondholders' Committee that there was by no means unanimity in regard to it on that Committee, as the discussion had been so brief; and, what is worse, the majority of the bondholders present did not even know the terms of the resolutions on which they were asked to vote. It would have been only common fairness to defer the vote for at least a week or two, in order to allow the people interested to give the resolutions due consideration; and the peremptory refusal of any respite makes one suspect that there has been a bit of hole-and-corner work about the whole business.

Fortunately the Committee had succeeded in introducing some amendments, inadequate as was the time allowed it for working out any satisfactory plan; and the scheme, although it might readily have been better, is by no means bad, all things considered. The arrangement is, briefly, as follows: The April coupon will be paid at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum, instead of 6 per cent., the immediate pressure on the Corporation being thus relieved. Thenceforward, until April 1901, the minimum interest is to be 3 per cent. per annum, and then the rate is to be raised to 4 per cent. per annum. The sinking-fund is to be hung up until 1910. These, it will be admitted, are severe concessions to ask from the holders of a 6 per cent. first charge on such a property as that of the Peruvian Corporation.

But, in the event of prosperity returning to the Corporation, the debentures are to get the benefit to a considerable extent. Until the debentures are receiving 5 per cent. per annum, the Preference stock is to get nothing; and it is not to get more than $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. until the debentures are receiving their old stipulated rate of 6 per cent. Thus there is a sort of elasticity about the plan, which is its redeeming feature. We can only express a fervent hope that improving trade and the workings of any conscience that may still linger in the bosom of the Peruvian Government will presently allow of this elasticity being brought into play.

CHIPS OF CHINA.

The Heathen Chinese is peculiar, and for one of his most noted peculiarities—the idea that he marks the climax of civilisation—he is now paying heavily, in the shape of an enormous war indemnity to Japan, which knew better. The money is payable by instalments, of course; and, as each comes forward, there is a fierce competition for the privilege of making a small fortune out of the opportunity of placing the bonds on the public of this, that, or the other country, at an advance on the price paid to the Celestial Treasury. In the telegrams from the various Continental and Eastern centres, a good deal of importance is attached to the political significance of a loan being secured by financiers of one nationality or another. Naturally, the Chinese diplomatists foster that idea; and the financiers concerned like to encourage it. If the financiers secure the issue, it is a triumph of patriotism—not of finance—and the clear duty of every fellow-citizen, who can afford it, is to put his money into the loan.

This time the loan has fallen to the lot of an Anglo-German Syndicate, and this is regarded—in news-agency telegrams—as a slap in the face for France. It may be so, because there can be no doubt that finance plays a more important part in International politics than is imagined by the general run of investors. But it is not the furtherance of diplomacy that the investor in this country looks to. What he wants, and sometimes gets, is good security for his money.

In this case the security seems good enough, as such loans go. The Customs duties at the Treaty Ports are collected by Great Britain, and they afford a substantial margin for further borrowing on the record of a number of years. But the whole business is full of complications, which may either result in making the hypothecation of these Customs duties one of the best securities in the world, or one of the worst. Russia has pledged her credit for the principal and interest on a loan of nearly £16,000,000 secured on these Customs duties. Russia, therefore, has a direct interest, which none of the other Powers possesses; and how that interest is likely to be brought to bear only Russia knows, though, possibly, China may have a very good idea.

The *Novoe Vremya* says: "The new loan does not represent a safe investment of capital, as it is not guaranteed by any one of the European Powers, or even by the Chinese Government, but is only secured by the remains of the Chinese Customs duties, after payment of previous loans,

including, of course, the Russian guaranteed loan of last year." These remarks are part of an article in which it was indicated that Russia rather liked than otherwise the idea of an Anglo-German group having secured the issue, because its success would facilitate the clearing-up of accounts between China and Japan, and the evacuation of the former's territory by the Japanese.

Assuming that there did not exist political complications to disturb matters, the security for a new loan for £16,000,000 secured on the Customs duties would be ample. It is absolute nonsense for any Russian paper—inspired or otherwise, but, of course, always subject to Censorship—to talk about "the remains of the Chinese Customs duties." These "remains" could bear a much heavier charge, and still leave a substantial margin. The bugbear is the fact that Russia has guaranteed the immediately prior charge on these duties. Finance and politics are inextricably mixed up in this business, and prospective investors on the security of Chinese Customs duties ought to realise that fact.

A curious feature about Chinese borrowing is that she does not offer any security except that of the Maritime Customs, which are collected for her by outside agencies. What would be the fate of a Chinese Loan secured by the most stringent decrees known to Chinese law on any revenue collected by China herself? The internal resources of China are incalculable, but who will lend on them? City opinion is almost unanimous to the effect that China as a borrower on her own account would be laughed at in any European market. She might produce statistics showing any amount of millions of taels of annual revenue from the special source it was proposed to hypothecate, but it would not have the slightest effect. The British investor who wants a big return in China on his money as a speculative lock-up plumps for the Maritime Customs. He is, or ought to be, aware that all the Great European Powers are concerned in the matter; he hopes that, if they do get to loggerheads, the victor will pay up; but 5 per cent. on an investment is very tempting in these times of cheap money, and were it not that such accumulations of capital were awaiting investment of one kind or another, such a proposal as a Chinese loan would be scoffed at.

THE SCOTCH RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

The Stock Exchange sometimes takes an exaggerated view of prospects, and it has done so in the case of the Scotch Railway dividends. These have been as good as could possibly have been expected, except by the super-sanguine people who presuppose miracles, and are disappointed if they only get excellence. Only on this hypothesis can we account for the fact that the market did not respond to the dividend announcements. True, there had been a good deal of buying in anticipation, and speculators hastened to realise when the announcements came out; but this would not have been sufficient to check an advance had the market not assumed beforehand that the distributions would turn out to be a shade better than was actually the case.

However, so far as ordinary sensible investors are concerned, there was nothing at all disappointing in the announcements made by the companies north of the Tweed. The North British announcement, at the rate of $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the Deferred stock, with £4000 carried forward, compares with a distribution for the corresponding period of only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Preferred stock, while the carry-forward amounted to but £3500. Notwithstanding the large increase that occurred in the company's gross receipts, this result points to a considerable reduction in working expenditure.

In like manner, the Caledonian announcement, which was at the rate of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Ordinary stock and £6500 forward, as against $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. and £7890 forward for the corresponding period, was as good as could reasonably have been looked for; yet the quotation weakened upon it. The present dividend allows of a distribution of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Deferred, or "Coras," as they are called, which is by far the best announcement on that stock that has ever been made.

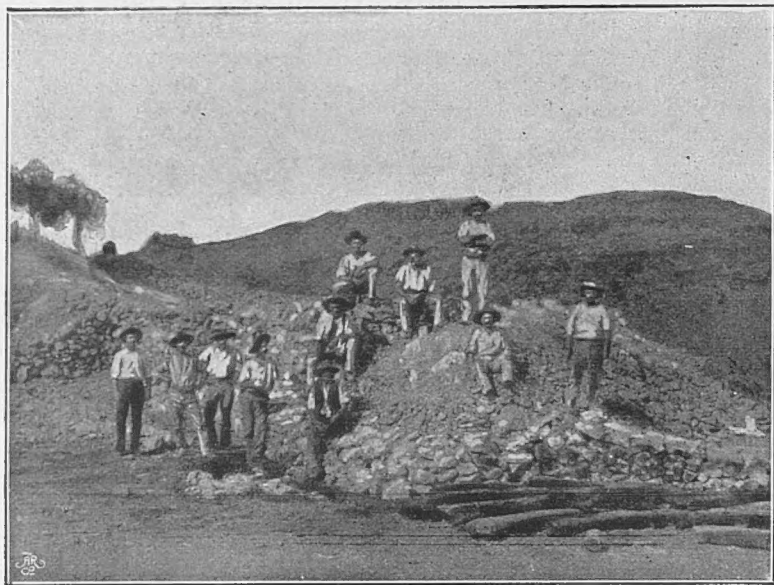
Again, the Glasgow and South-Western Company, whose report has been issued, makes an excellent showing for the half-year. With gross receipts exhibiting an increase of £88,000, or more than 14 per cent., there was an actual saving in working expenses, so that the increase in net earnings amounted to as much as £91,000. The company was consequently not only enabled to make a distribution of 5 per cent. on the Consolidated Ordinary stock, as against $2\frac{1}{4}$ last year, but also to carry forward an increased balance, the excess being over £3000.

MINING SHARES.

The illustration which we are able to give this week represents the reef outcrop of the Bulletin Mine, at Bamboo Creek, in Western Australia. The reef is said to be five feet wide and to average three ounces to the ton; but the valued correspondent who sends us the photograph says: "This place is the nearest approach to Hell that you can imagine; there is not a tree or a blade of grass in the whole district, nothing but hot, sun-baked rocks, the thermometer at 115 in the shade, and people dying like flies all around you." There is plenty of gold there, but it often happens, when mining in "outside" places, that the pioneers lose money, and those who come after them make it, as has happened in the Rand, in Queensland, and in New Zealand, and, unless great care is exercised, will also happen in Rhodesia and the Northern Goldfields of Western Australia.

During the week the Australian market has been conspicuously dull, and nothing but the result of the Brown Hill crushing will put life into it. The Mainland Consols crushing is also delayed for want of water-pipes, which, considering that the market is starving for results, is most

provoking. As to Africa, interest has centred round Chartered shares, which close with a downward tendency. The whole question resolves itself into whether or not there is *payable* gold in Rhodesia, and those who could tell us have such interested motives for withholding the truth that it is very difficult to arrive at. Every now and then a fact reaches one which the more we think the more it creates a feeling



A SCENE AT BAMBOO CREEK, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

of distrust, and, as an example, we hear, on the best authority, that Messrs. Bewick and Moering, who had four offices in Charterland and a staff of experts, have closed them all, and withdrawn their men. It may mean that they wish to concentrate their energies on Western Australia, or that the firm cannot get on with the Rhodes régime, or it may bear a very sinister construction. We merely mention the fact, and leave our readers to draw any deduction they like.

The Rand crushings, making a total of 167,018 oz. for February, show an increase of 20,000 oz. over the return for the previous month, but the public did not respond, and everybody seems inclined to await the result of the Jameson trial and political developments in the Transvaal, especially as it is said that, in some cases, fresh ground is not being opened out, either on account of black labour not being available or pending the outcome of political events. We hear that the Randfontein properties are all showing marked improvement, and especially the Robinson-Randfontein, and the report reaches us from a reliable source.

UNDESIRABLE SHARES.

Last week we made some remarks on a circular which had reached us from a certain Mr. Claude Audain in reference to preference shares in Werner and Co., Limited, and we are now in a position to state that several weeks before that circular reached us the true state of affairs was well known to Mr. Audain. It is almost unnecessary to make any comments on this revelation, except that, if any unfortunate reader has, on the strength of the circular, bought any of these very undesirable shares, we advise him to apply for the return of his money to Mr. Claude Audain at once, and, if such application fails to produce the desired result, to write to us.

To warn people against one-tenth of the touting circulars which are freely circulated would occupy far more space than we can give to such a subject, but we beg our readers to consign to the wastepaper-basket all copies of a paper called the *Investor*, which is at present being sent broadcast to all sorts and conditions of persons. The Harberton Slate Quarries we have long ago dealt with, and, despite not only our *exposé*, but the revelations made in the Law Courts, we find these people still persist in puffing one of the most undesirable concerns which has ever extracted hard-earned savings from poor people's pockets. The Murchison Diamond Company, which is also puffed by them, has, we would remark, nothing to do with Western Australia, while as to their other Slate Quarries, our private information from the spot is of the most unfavourable nature.

The remarks which we have made about the *Investor* apply equally to the *Limited Liability Review*, where shares like Guadalcázar Quicksilver, Harmony Gold and Land, and Hammond's Matabele Development are industriously puffed. Put the thing in the wastepaper-basket, and have nothing to do with the shares which—if you will read it—you may find recommended, especially the ones we have named.

BROOKE'S SOAP.

The report of this flourishing concern must be pleasant reading for the shareholders, for not only is the preference dividend paid, but the holders of ordinary shares get 10 per cent., and the balance carried forward and added to reserve is larger than the sum necessary for dividend purposes. Of a truth, there is nothing like a good industrial concern to pay big dividends.

LINOTYPE.

So many of our readers are interested in this company that we are glad to be able to state the dividend will be $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and £37,000 will be carried over. The meeting, which the Stock Exchange has been looking forward to with considerable interest, will be held during the last week of this month, and we are informed that the statements then made will be of a most encouraging character.

Saturday, March 14, 1896.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE ANTERIOR (MATABELE) GOLD-MINES, LIMITED, is offering 60,000 shares of £1 each for public subscription. We think quite enough capital has been poured into Rhodesia before any return has been made; but this company comes from good people, and is as deserving of support as any concern for the object of mining in Charterland can be at the present time.

THE ROBINSON BREWERY, LIMITED, through the Law Debenture Corporation, is offering £120,000 $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. debentures. Our readers will be too late to get allotments, and we should advise, for those who want a fairly sound 4 per cent. investment, a purchase in the market at a trifling premium.

THE HOLYHEAD AND NORTH WALES GAS AND WATER CORPORATION, LIMITED, is formed to take over a lot of gas- and water-works in certain towns and villages of North Wales. It appears that 55,000 £1 shares are to be issued at 10 per cent. premium at present, 25,000 reserved for future issue, and 20,000 issued to the shareholders of the old undertakings at par. The prospectus contains a list of gas concerns which stand at big premiums, but there is not one in such list which does, or pretends to do, business of the kind which this company is formed to carry on, and we beg our readers to pause before they put their money into the venture. A guaranteed dividend for three years may look attractive, but the sum required is probably added to the purchase price, and if there is nothing after the guarantee is exhausted, the shareholders will look foolish.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. M.—The Linotype report, we are told, will be out this week, and the meeting held during the last week of this month (see "Notes").

S. AND V.—Why write to the "City Editor" about back numbers of the paper? We have given your letter to the Sub-Editor, who will send you what you want.

R. A. D.—The more one reads the letter and papers you send us the more does it appear to be a swindle. If a person can return £38 on an investment of £80 in a week, he would soon get so rich that he would not need to trade with anyone's money but his own; while the letter to you is even worse. If you send money you will be robbed "as sure as eggs are eggs."

M. E. T.—We do not care about the investment you have made. The management admit that the present return cannot be kept up, because of a "creep" in the mine, and we think there is no reasonable prospect of the dividends paid during the last two years being repeated in the next two.

W. J. F.—(1) If you withdraw an application for shares before allotment you get the whole of your money back. (2) Inside brokers will charge you about threepence per share on £1 shares, and more on those of higher value. (3) We should buy Central Argentine Ordinary Stock, or Cédulas P, or Buenos Ayres Waterworks Bonds, any of which you could realise at twenty-four hours' notice, and all of which we expect will rise.

MOSSACH.—Your question is very difficult to answer. The mine is on the Black Reef series. The property under the name of the New Black Reef Gold-mining Company has been worked for years with indifferent results, but it is said that a new reef, ten feet wide, has been discovered. It is a pure speculation.

INDUSTRIAL PREFS.—None of the pref. shares you mention are bad, but we are not very sweet upon Nos. 1 and 3, while, of course, No. 4 is more speculative than the rest, especially considering the war in Cuba. No. 5 is first-rate, and if you add Humber pref., New England Brewery pref., and, perhaps, Home and Colonial Stores pref. to the list, and distribute your risks, you should do well.

N. J. D.—We believe the shares you ask about are a fair mining risk; but the company was hatched by two bucket-shops, and, although the properties are said to have developed well, we are a bit suspicious.

H. L.—We don't like the Salt Union, and should not care about holding its preference shares. The reports keep getting worse and worse, but the general revival in trade may do something for the company this year.

H. L. (Stratford-on-Avon).—We wrote to you on March 9.

SPRINGWELL.—The pref. shares seem a fair investment, but the reserve fund is very small. We should advise you to try a Leeds or Bradford broker. It is not a first-class concern, but then, of course, the price is not so high as in the case of the really good breweries.

AN INQUIRER.—We think well of the cycle shares you inquire about, especially for a year or so. The machines are high-class, and the trade very brisk. It is likely to make good profits, but after the first balance-sheet you must reconsider the position according to the then existing trade conditions.

FAITH.—Humber Preference shares or Raleigh Cycle shares, or, for something more speculative, Beeson Tyre shares should suit you. Linotype shares, even at present price, we believe to be worth buying. We cannot tell you how to sell your Moss Litter rubbish. Write to the touts who induced you to buy. We have often warned our readers against these very shares.

SMALL.—We do not think we have recommended the shares you name, but we have recommended "Continental and West Australian" shares. You should never buy shares of this kind if you cannot meet a call. For a small "punter," we should prefer, at this moment, Cédulas P or Humber pref. rather than mines, or, if you will have a dabble in the latter, Menzies Gold Estates or Kathleens—the latter a regular gamble. Town Properties of Western Australia, if you could hold and wait a bit, are a really good investment.

KAFER.—(1) This belongs to a group of companies which we do not like. We always refuse to recommend anything which the chairman is on. (2) We will make inquiries and let you know next week, but there is not time this week. (3) We don't know a West Australian Victory. We really cannot say anything about local companies which are quite unknown here. (4) Very likely, but we should say August, not May.